The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 46. FRANCE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1918. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES. UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS. GREAT BRITAIN, 6 PENCE.

C.-IN-C. TELLS OF A.E.F.'S SHARE IN ALLIED VICTORY

Report to Secretary Baker Is Army's War History in Epitome

MAY, 1917 — NOVEMBER, 1918

First Installment Describes Task of Formation and Fighting Through St. Mihiel

In a report to the Secretary of War, the Commander-in-Chief has written for the folks back home an epitomized history of the A.E.F. The report deals with the organization and operation of the A.E.F., covering the period from May 26, 1917, to November 11, 1918. It has been given to the American people that they may know more about the great work that has been accomplished over here.

The Commander-in-Chief sets forth chronologically a summary of the history of the American Expeditionary Forces from the day back in May, 1917, when he sailed from America with a small staff until the armistice was signed. He tells of the formative stages of the American Army abroad and shows how by the co-ordination of all branches of the Service and the co-operation of our Allies, it was possible to whip rapidly into shape the victorious A.E.F.

The Commander-in-Chief has many complimentary things to say about us. Whether we were in the S.O.S. working to feed and keep an army or up in the line giving the Boche a bit of his own hell, we get our share of credit. Concluding his report, the Commander-in-Chief says:

"Finally, I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardship, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country."

THE STARS AND STRIPES will publish the report in full in two instalments, of which this is the first. The second will appear in the next edition of this paper.

The first instalment has to do with the building up of the great Service of Supply and the multitude of problems that had to be overcome, and carries the A.E.F. through its early training and its first combat operations—Seicheprey, Montdidier and Cantigny—relates how America fought at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood and on the Marne last July; tells of the Soissons drive and America's part in the reduction of the deep Marne salient, and brings the story of the A.E.F. up to the time when the First Army was organized and the famous St. Mihiel offensive planned and carried out. Here it is:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
GENERAL STAFF, SECOND SECTION.

To the Secretary of War—

My Dear Mr. Secretary:

In response to your request, I have the honor to submit this brief summary of the organization and operations of the American Expeditionary Forces from May 26, 1917, until the signing of the armistice, November 11, 1918. Pursuant to your instructions, immediately upon receiving my orders, I selected a small staff and proceeded to Europe in order to become familiar with conditions at the earliest possible moment.

The warmth of our reception in England and France was only equaled by the readiness of the Commanders-in-Chief of the veteran armies of the Allies and their staffs to place their experience at our disposal. In consultation with them the most effective means of co-operation of effort was considered. With French and British armies at their maximum strength, and all efforts to dislodge the enemy from his firmly entrenched positions in Belgium and France having failed, it was necessary to plan for an American force adequate to turn the scale in favor of the Allies. Taking account of the strength of the Central Powers at that time, the immensity of the problem which confronted us could hardly be overestimated. The first requisite being an organization that could give intelligent direction to effort, the formation of a general staff occupied my early attention.

General Staff

A well-organized general staff through which the commander exercises his functions is essential to a successful modern army. However capable our divisions, our battalions and our companies as such, success would be impossible without thoroughly co-ordinated endeavor. A general staff broadly organized and trained for war had not hitherto existed in our Army. Under the Commander-in-Chief, this staff must carry out the policy and direct the details of administration, supply, preparation and operations of the Army as a whole, with all special branches and bureaus subject to its control. As models to aid us we had the veteran French General Staff and the experience of the British, who had similarly formed an organization to meet the demands of a great army. By selecting from each the features best adapted to our basic organization, and fortified by our own early experience in the war, the developments of our great General Staff system was completed.

The General Staff is naturally divided into five groups, each with its chief, who is an assistant to the Chief of the General Staff. G-1 (General Staff-1) is in charge of organization and equipment of troops, replacements, tonnage, priority of overseas shipments, the auxiliary welfare associations and cognate subjects; G-2 has censorship, enemy intelligence, gathering and disseminating information, preparation of maps and all similar subjects; G-3 is charged with all strategic studies and plans, movement of troops and the supervision of combat operations; G-4 co-ordinates important questions of supply, construction, trans-

Continued on Page 6

SPORTS ONCE MORE

In next week's issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES will reestablish its Sporting Page, discontinued July 26.

In the issue of that date it was announced that the Sporting Page was out of the paper "until an Allied Victory brings back peace."

The victory has come, and although peace isn't actually signed, the feature will not be withheld on a technicality. The fighting is over—the greatest world series in history is finished and the Allies have got the pennant—and in these days of occupying Germany and marking time the great value and necessity of healthy exercise and recreation is fully realized.

The policy of the Sporting Page will be to chronicle broadly and encourage all sorts of legitimate sporting events in the A.E.F., and to keep the A.E.F. posted on what is doing in the sport line at home and elsewhere.

CHRISTMAS GIFT TO WORLD IS NEW WATCH ON RHINE

Allied Armies Enter Upon Last Phase of Occupation

AMERICANS CROSS RIVER

Move Forward in Rainy December Dawn to Occupy Bridgehead Opposite Coblence

On Friday the Thirteenth, in the fifth week of the armistice, the troops of the Allied Armies crossed the Rhine and so entered upon the last phase of the occupation. Today, the sentries who guard its bridges and pace their posts within the shadow of the ancient castles are not German soldiers. Poilus and Tommies and Yanks, these three—and it is their Christmas present to a tired, thankful world—these three are keeping the watch on the Rhine.

It was just at dawn that the close-massed forces of the Third American Army moved forward in the dismal December rain to take and hold the bridgehead that is theirs today. By four bridges and four ferries they moved quietly across the river, which is more beautiful than any our own country can show and which means more to Germany than any American river can ever mean to us. The Rhine, for all its castle-crowned steeps, for all its massive and impotent fortresses, is more than a mere moat to guard the Fatherland.

To the Germans, it is a river of proud memories, the silver thread on which their history is strung, the link of lore and legend, the inspiration of their songs for which through countless generations its lisping waters have crooned a soft accompaniment. And then, in the gray of a December morning, an American army moved across the German Rhine.

When Reveille Meant Nothing

For this great hour in the history of the United States, many Americans were up and abroad an hour in advance of the sun, though reveille meant nothing in their lives. Gray-haired staff officers, Salvation Army lassies, cooks from neighboring messes, couriers, artists, war correspondents, they were all there waiting at the Coblence pontoon—the Bridge of Boats—for the electric moment when the Rhine bridges should give forth the music, the ever-recognizable, ever-stirring music of American infantry on the march.

Yet they knew in their hearts it would be what the French would regard as an indifferent show. They knew from long and gloomy experience that the American Army simply refuses to be dramatic. They were right. There was no fuss and feathers, no flourish of trumpets. There never is.

On the stroke of seven, the first mounted men clattered forward over the cobbles of the quay and the order "Forward March" sounded from post to post along the river front. It was raining and there was scarcely enough light in the heavens to rival as yet the winking street lamps. Faintly silhouetted against the gray sky were visible the great ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein and not far below, where the Moselle swings into the Rhine, could be seen in sharp relief the stupendous statue of the first Wilhelm.

Following the Lovely Riza

This bridge—it was at the point where, according to Rhineland legend, the lovely Riza walked upon the waters from shore to shore a thousand years ago—this bridge was set aside for the First Brigade. It was the same brigade which, less than a year before, had, to the intense and audible amusement of the German Army, modestly settled down in the American old home sector "northwest of Toul."

First came Major Paul Daly of New York. He was on horseback and two mounted men followed close behind. Then, if history must have the prosaic order of march, came Brigadier General Frank Parker and some officers of his staff. Then some French officers. Then a Y.M.C.A. girl in a fur coat carrying a bunch of cookies and—bless her for a kind lady—three boxes of cigars.

Then the correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, accompanied by his dog Vesle, a plump and celebrated poodle who waddled across the Rhine ahead of the troops, wearing an intent look and bent, as it afterwards developed, on searching for the first lamppost on the left bank.

But the procession grew impressive enough as the doughboys tramped across, an endless column that thumped ahead, deliberately oblivious to the beauties of the Rhine or the significance of the occasion, listening indignantly to the patter of the rain on their helmets and wondering if the Quartermaster had enough shoes. Close to the further shore, the swaying, scarce-distinguish-

Continued on Page 2

A.E.F. CASUALTIES LOWER THAN THOSE IN CAMPS AT HOME

Boche Proves Less Deadly Foe Here Than Does Influenza in States

TRANSPORT TOLL HEAVY

Number of Cases in France Third as Great as Year Ago, Says Chief Surgeon's Office

The world epidemic of influenza and pneumonia found the A.E.F. so busy fighting and so busy working during the tail end of this autumn that it refused to be crippled or hampered by disease at the time when the whole United States was being ravaged by the twin maladies, according to figures prepared this week by the Chief Surgeon's Office.

In the nine weeks of September 6 to November 8, at a time when the American Army of 2,000,000 was fighting its winning battles at the cost of its heaviest casualties, the total of deaths reported in the A.E.F.—from all causes, from disease as well as casualties in battle—was 19,750.

Back in the United States in the same period, although the number of men in camps and cantonments was approximately half the number of men in France, the total of deaths was 19,539.

However, many deaths in action in the nine weeks were not reported to headquarters in time to be included in the figures for these weeks and they are shown in figures for later weeks. It should also be said that the death rate in camps in the States declined markedly after November 1, figures for the middle week of November showing 603 deaths, one twelfth as many as the toll of the week of most deaths.

The proportionate rate of influenza and pneumonia in the A.E.F. for the period was only one-eleventh the rate of incidence in the States, the Chief Surgeon's figures show.

A.E.F. Twice as Healthy

And that is not all. The chief Surgeon says that right now the Army in France is "twice as healthy" as it was last year at this time.

Between November 15 and December 15 last year there were 2,230 cases of influenza per 100,000 troops in France, while between November 15 and December 15 this year the rate was only 86, or one-third of what it was a year ago. For pneumonia, for the same periods, the 100,000 rate in 1917 was 268, and in 1918, 140. This period of the year ordinarily is regarded as favorable to the development and spread of disease.

September and October, however, were deadly months for soldiers on transports bound from the United States to France. In the two months 1,180 soldiers died at sea before landing in France, and 2,336 other soldiers died five days after landing in France, making a transport death total of 3,516. Deaths at sea and after landing fell to negligible figures in November.

Rapid and Steady Decline

This year, both influenza and pneumonia showed a rapid and steady decline in the A.E.F. after October 27, when the influenza rate per 100,000 was 610, and the pneumonia rate 109. On December 8, the influenza rate had fallen to 124 per 100,000, the pneumonia rate to 13.4.

The higher influenza and pneumonia rate in the States is largely attributed to the fact that the A.E.F. consists largely of men who have gone through the hardening processes of outdoor life, while the training camps back home contained a large percentage of men newly come from civilian life. The week of October 11 brought the peak of disease to the camps from the States, 90,393 cases of influenza, 17,882 of pneumania and a death total of 6,266.

Pneumonia assumed unusual virulence in the A.E.F. during the week of October 27, when 75 per cent of cases died.

SERGEANTS IN HONOR GUARD OF PRESIDENT

A.E.F. Old Timers Sentries Around Their Chief's Paris Home

"Halt! Who's there?"

The intruder, advancing, suddenly discovers that it is a first sergeant he is dealing with and is just a little more careful about explaining his mission than he would be with a common, ordinary buck private.

But what has the sergeant done? Why is he walking post? Sergeants are not supposed to do sentry duty. There is a reason, however.

Around the Murat mansion, President and Mrs. Wilson's temporary home in Paris, American sentries silently pace their posts day and night. Their uniforms well pressed for the occasion, every button buttoned and their shoes shining as though they had just come from the Q.M.'s issue room, the guards are as spick and span as any you might find should you search the world over.

Almost All Non-Coms

A company was chosen from the 158th Infantry, consisting almost entirely of non-coms, to be the guard of honor to President Wilson during his sojourn in Paris. When it was announced that non-coms were eligible for the guard of honor, first sergeants, mess sergeants and supply sergeants, some of them who had not stood a guard shift for years, clamored for a place in the company. Many platoons there are in the 158th Infantry which are shy several sergeants and in one or two cases the company clerk is handling the top cutter's work, for that hard-boiled lord of doughboys has gone away for a few days to do honor to the President of the United States—his Commander in Chief.

Continued on Page 3

AS PARIS ROARED WELCOME

Signal Corps Photo

President Wilson and President Poincare setting out on the drive through the capitol last Saturday after the arrival at the Bois de Boulogne station

3,444 FINAL TOTAL IN WAR ORPHAN EFFORT

KEEP RIGHT ON COLLECTING

Units or individuals whom the wind-up of the War Orphans Adoption Campaign still finds engaged in collecting funds for adoptions need not think that their efforts are in vain and that their money will not be accepted. The task of collection can go cheerily on at their end and ours. A plan is now being worked out for the future maintenance and care of the A.E.F.'s orphan family, and details will be announced in this newspaper as soon as they have been definitely formulated.

ROUEN ONCE MORE IN FIRST POSITION ON HOME STRETCH

Nantes Climbs Into Second Place, Rochefort Drops to Third

BREST SIX WEEKS' LEADER

Double Mess Shift Helps to Speed Things Up at La Pallice—Record for Total

In the sixth week of the Stevedores' never-letting-up Race to Berlin the port of Rouen forged again to the front. Nantes, which has been climbing slowly but surely, came in second. Rochefort, which topped them all the week before, came in third.

But in the standing of the nine base port clubs to date, as they string out on the home stretch, it is the Presidential landing place of Brest that still leads, with Rochefort second and Rouen third. The licks that Brest put in during the second and third weeks of the contest are standing it in good stead, now that some of the tail-enders of the earlier days are forging to the front and pressing the Brittany port hard. Despite the fact that the memorable Friday the Thirteenth set Brest back quite a bit because it couldn't get transportation to haul the unloaded freight out of the way, the gang down there held its own, celebrating its Chief's arrival by emptying the hatches in great style.

Here is the way they line up for the six weeks of the contest:

Brest, 763; Rochefort, 735; Rouen, 731; Marseilles, 725; La Pallice, 693; Le Havre, 630; Bordeaux, 630; Nantes, 608; St. Nazaire, 564.

And here is the way they came through for the sixth week:

Rouen, 157; Nantes, 123; Rochefort, 121; La Pallice, 113; Marseilles, 112; Brest, 98; Le Havre, 96; Bordeaux, 90; St. Nazaire, 85.

Want It to Last Longer

Up at La Pallice the men are kicking because the contest is not going to last a few weeks longer. They declare that they have now a system that cannot be beaten. This is the way it was worked out:

Col. Sydney Grant, commander of the post, figured that a lot of good time was wasted by the men at meal times—that is, that everybody knocked off and went to mess at the same time. Consequently, he devised a plan whereby the men were to work in six-hour shifts, one crew coming on at 6 a. m. and working till noon, and the next crew coming on at noon with its chow, eaten at 11:30, all under its belts. This scheme has worked out very well, and while the men have to work two shifts on some days they don't complain a bit, because by doing so they have made such gains in the contest.

Rouen's application of Yankee ingenuity to the peculiar problems confronting it bore good fruit this week

Continued on Page 3

D.S.C. of Real Christmas Spirit Won by Conspicuous Generosity

462 TAKEN IN 39TH WEEK

Francs May Still Roll in While Disposition of Family Is Being Decided

THE STARS AND STRIPES, in the name of the war orphans of France, has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross of the Real Christmas Spirit, of the $33 a month (or any other) class, to the following organization for the act of extraordinary generosity described after its name:

THE A.E.F., France.—For extraordinary generosity all over France between March 29, 1918, and December 16, 1918, while helping hold the German at bay in the first half of 1918 and in the latter part of July, and in August, September, October, and the first 11 days of November, assisting the Allied Armies of the free nations of the world in driving back and defeating the German army in the hardest day-by-day fighting the world has ever known, and ever since in staying faithfully on the job to see that it won't have to happen again, THE A.E.F. found time and francs to adopt 3,444 French orphans of the war whose fathers had died fighting for the same cause for which its members proffered their lives. Throughout the entire war orphan campaign THE A.E.F. showed the highest contempt for destitution and poverty which, in many instances, followed its generous giving, and the concomitant thirst, hunger and loss of physical enjoyment. At all times and under all circumstances it was cool and collected—but for the most part collected. Home address: U.S.A.—"and a little child shall lead them."

The all-A.E.F. war orphan campaign is over. The last 500 francs is in, the last addition to the American soldiers' family made.

Whereupon, THE STARS AND STRIPES wishes to present to the world, and anybody else who will listen, the biggest—as we seem to remember having mentioned before—and, if we do say it in fatherly pride ourselves, the most grateful family in existence.

Three thousand four hundred and forty-four children (a three and three fours; it's easy to remember) have been adopted by two million more or less unpaternal-looking soldiers from a foreign land, the vast majority of whom draw only $33 a month and, as one casual casually remarked, don't get it when they do.

24 Hours Grace Allowed

After running 39 weeks, from March 29, 1918, the campaign for the adoption of children closed Tuesday. It was scheduled to end Monday noon, but, for the benefit of units hustling to get under the tape at the last minute, through the Post Office Department, and other hazards of life, it was kept open 24 hours longer.

On Tuesday noon a total was struck, and it was found that the last week had brought in funds for the adoption of 462 children and was the best of the whole campaign, with the exception of the week in which the S.O.S. presented, in one bunch, the funds for 836 of the 1,000 and more children it is going to adopt from the departments of France recently freed.

After this figure had been attained and the fact that the 500 Christmas orphans the Orphan Department asked the A.E.F. to adopt 11 weeks ago had been multiplied almost by six, all that could be done was to prepare the above citation.

If We Had Enough Drag—

If the orphan department had enough drag with the C.-in-C. and if it wasn't for the peace treaty's not being signed, the Atlantic ocean and a few other details, we would try to arrange a nice little presentation at which the A.E.F. would all line up and be kissed on both cheeks by the fairest of the 3,444 (young lady of about eight, of course).

Preferably, this ceremony would be held in the vicinity of Omaha, Nebraska,

Continued on Page 3

PRESIDENT WILL EAT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER AT A.E.F. MESS TABLE

BREST AND PARIS HONOR LEADER OF SISTER REPUBLIC

President Sets Foot on French Soil While Sea Guns Boom

CAPITAL ONE VAST THRONG

All Brittany Turns Out in Native Costume to Welcome Notable Addition to A.E.F.

Amid the booming of the guns from a mighty Allied fleet and the returning salvos of the French shore batteries, amid the frantic "Vive l'Amérique!" cries of Brest's 90,000 population, quadrupled in size for the great day by an influx from all of Brittany and Finistère and the France that lies beyond, amid the enthusiastic "Yeas!" and "At-a-boys!" of fully 100,000 Yanks, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, set foot on the soil of France Friday last, at exactly 3.22 p.m. by A.E.F. Signal Corps time.

At 4:22 p.m. on that same day, by the same time and token, the President sped out of the Brest railroad station on his way to Paris, there to receive on the morrow one of the greatest ovations in the history of that most enthusiastic and cordial of world capitals.

At any rate, no American who was present either at Brest or at Paris on one of those unforgettable days feels the same about his Americanism as he did before; they were days to make every American proud of his birthright, proud of his citizenship, proud of the service he had given his flag—prouder of them all than ever he was in the days gone by.

Days of Sheer Exultation

It was one loud, long, resounding roar from the moment that the twin smokestacks of the George Washington, which carried the President to France, loomed up out of the fog and mist of the harbor of Brest until the moment when the President, fresh from his reception at the Hotel de Ville in Paris, where his title of honorary citizen of the French capital was confirmed, alighted once more at the handsome residence of Prince Murat, in the Rue Monceau, his home during his stay in Paris.

Though he spent the Sunday intervening between his triumphant entry of Saturday and his formal reception of Monday in seeking a well earned rest, the city that was his host knew no repose. Up and down the boulevards all Paris romped and played, shouting aloud his name and that of the great republic which, as he says, it is "my privilege to serve." Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday were days of the sheerest exultation.

Naturally enough, it was the Navy which gave the President his first welcome. Steaming fully 90 miles out to sea, a division of ten American superdreadnaughts, with Admiral Sim's flagship, the Wyoming, at their head, encircled the George Washington and its escorting superdreadnaught, the Pennsylvania, in a U-shaped formation, the while 40 American destroyers, camouflaged till they looked like prancing piebald circus horses, cavorted about astern and astern in the spray.

Out from the shore of France came to meet them two French cruisers and eight destroyers, the guns of the former barking out their salute of 21 guns in unison with those from the shore batteries. At 1:30 on that memorable Friday the Thirteenth, the whole flotilla took up its position in the rade of Brest, and the

Continued on Page 2

10,000 AMERICANS SEE CHIEF PARADE

Six Thousand Unable to Reach Paris Rendezvous Through Crowd

At the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and along the line of march, 10,000 American soldiers witnessed the Presidential parade in Paris last Saturday.

Over 4,000 soldiers from various branches of the Army on duty in the District of Paris were assembled at the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in accordance with the wishes of the French authorities, under the direction of Lt.-Col. E. S. Sayre. There were fully 6,000 more who, on account of the congested streets, were unable to reach the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and forced their way into the crowd all along the line from the Bois de Boulogne station to the Hotel Murat, the President's Paris headquarters.

The assembly at the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne was not a formation in a military sense. The space there had been reserved for American soldiers, who arrived in squads and platoons and were assigned to their respective places.

There was no presenting of arms or saluting. It was every man for himself, and the shout that greeted the Presidential party was a healthy one. The cheering lasted until the last carriage of the party had passed.

All along the four-mile line of march the Americans cheered their Commander-in-Chief until their lungs were sore. On every statue, at every open window, and high up in the branches of the trees, khaki-clad soldiers were to be seen beside the French poilus and hundreds of thousands of civilians.

Place Not Yet Named, but Chaumont Should Be on Guard

THEN TO SEE BATTLE AREA

Trip Over Devastated Regions Will Precede Opening of Preliminary Peace Conference

MAY BESTOW D.S.C. AND D.S.M.

Hope Held That Commander-in-Chief Will Award Decoration to His Soldiers in Person

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States will be with his troops on Christmas day.

He will take his Christmas dinner in an A.E.F. training area. He will tell them something of his future plans for their welfare and that of the country which they have so well served.

All mess sergeants within a day's automobile ride of Chaumont are hereby warned to be on their guard, to assign their most conscientious K.P.'s the job of scrubbing off the old pantry shelves and mess tables in the eat-shacks. There's no telling, at this moment, which mess table the President will drop in on at noon of Christmas day. Certain it is that he will drop in on one of them, and preparedness is half the battle.

On Monday or Tuesday Mr. Wilson will leave Paris for the Vosges and Haute-Marne, and on Christmas Day he will review some portion of the Yanks now quartered in these two departments of France before reviewing the bill of fare of a smaller portion of them.

After the latter festival is concluded, the President will visit some of the devastated areas in the north of France, there to see with his own eyes the places where the A.E.F. has been fighting.

He will return to Paris in time for the assembly of the preliminary peace conference, and the views that he will expound before that all important body are already the subject of tremendous interest.

Yesterday the President paid his compliments to the head of a loyal Allied Nation, King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, who, with his son, Prince Humbert, was right royally welcomed in Paris. Tomorrow he will foregather with that other great democrat, David Lloyd George, prime minister of England, and with Arthur J. Balfour, with whom, as head of the British mission that visited the United States early after our declaration of war in 1917, the President became intimate.

He will also meet the other members of the British peace mission, notably Andrew Bonar Law, who, though an hereditary Scotchman (like the President), is all the same a North American, having been born in Canada and knowing the United States and its problems.

The President's further plans during his stay in Europe are still more or less undecided, and any outline of them can be at best but speculative. It is regarded as certain, however, that he will visit and confer with some of the French and British generals—notably Mangin, Gouraud and Rawlinson—learn from them direct just what sort of fighters the Yanks who were under their command proved themselves to be during the stirring days of last summer and fall, and hear them confirm with their own lips the unstinted praise recorded in their official orders and reports.

That done, the chances are that he will accept King George's invitation to visit England, to review Britain's war effort, and to make at least two public addresses, one at London and the other at the ancient university town of Oxford. The University of Edinburgh in Scotland may possibly be the scene of a third gathering held in his honor.

If there are any members of the A.E.F. who are now duly entitled to the D.S.C. or the D.S.M., but whose medals have not yet been officially awarded to them, the hope is held that it can be arranged for the President to confer the decorations in person—since they are all supposed to be awarded by him, and have hitherto been conferred by the C.-in-C., A.E.F., in the President's name.

It is also hoped by every man in the S.O.S. that it may be practicable for the President to make a tour of that area, as did Secretary Baker, and the plan is now, if he makes his proposed trip to Italy, to have him start early enough to take in the more important S.O.S. stations on the journey south.

"NO BULL," WRITES ELSIE OF A.E.F.

Symptoms of Oncoming Christmas Reach Her in London

Elsie Janis, who really ought to wear an A.E.F. service stripe—and a front line chevron, at that, if they decide to issue it—has been thinking of us again. Over in London she felt the symptoms of oncoming Christmas, and the result is a letter to the A.E.F., which she assures us is "no bull." Here it is:

Dear Boys:

A very well deserved Merry Christmas to you all. Some of you may feel a bit homesick, but just be thankful that you are alive and able to sit up and take notice of things—even though they may be German. The name of my new show is "Hullo! America!" I would like to change it to "Bravo! America!" Everyone over here is charming to me and the audiences are very enthusiastic, but no audience can ever take the place in my heart of the A.E.F.—No bull!

Good luck! See you when we all get home.

Elsie Janis.

P.S.—More love from mother.

CHRISTMAS, 1918

BREST AND PARIS WELCOME HEAD OF SISTER REPUBLIC OVERSEAS

Continued from Page 1

Yankee guns got busy on their welcoming salute to France.

At the same time there put out from shore a lighter, conveying M. Stephen Pichon, French minister of foreign affairs; General Tasker H. Bliss, military representative of the United States on the Supreme War Council at Versailles; Ambassador William H. Sharp, General Pershing and other French and American dignitaries. The lighter proceeded to the President's vessel, aboard which M. Pichon proffered the formal welcome of France to the chief executive of the United States, and received from Mr. Wilson the assurance that he was glad and proud to be there.

Just then the informal welcome of France burst from the ancient walls of the city of Brest, from the quays, from the hills and trees, from every point of vantage overlooking the harbor. "Vive le Président Wilson!" it started on the ramparts to the north and "Vive le Président Wilson!" it re-echoed from the rocky promontories to the south. And all the while some 10,000 or more Yanks, mainly from the big Pontanezen embarkation camp, standing at ease or at rest along the highway over which their President was to ride to the railway station, fretted and fumed because they couldn't leave ranks and yell their lungs out along with the Bretonnese.

And what a show of holiday apparel Breton put on! Ancient dames in heirloom kirties, coifs and aprons of marvelous embroidure were out on the city walls, rubbing their spare old elbows against those of all the Yanks and gobs and poilus who could get off—or who went AWOL to see the great sight. Matronly and maidenly Bretonnese were out in their quaint caps, bolero jackets and multicolored scarfs.

Finery of Old Times

But the ladies of Breton had no monopoly of the gala garb, for all the old gentlemen of the famous old province had donned their distinctive velour hats, their pea-jackets, their wide, bowed sashes and their false but none the less resplendent shirt-fronts. Yes, and the young ones, too, donned all the finery which their fathers had worn on their wedding days, and at family funerals, and christenings and other solemn occasions. The province of Bretagne dug deep into its cedar chests to display for its guest all the beauty and picturesqueness of the Bretagne of days gone by; and no more gently pleasing, quainter or lovelier sight could be imagined.

Meanwhile, down on Pier No. 3, where a brief day before Yankee Stevedores had been tossing the bacon tins and hardtack boxes into cars with a zeal that would have made Old John Boche, had he been so minded, think twice about trying to bust the armistice, the Brest reception committee, actively aided by a clean-up squad of colored Yanks, was putting the final touches on the dainty little salle de reception into which the President was to step immediately he left the lighter.

In gorgeous blue and gold and white and black there shone from the walls the coat of arms of the proud little city—the fleur-de-lys of royal France on one panel, the ermine of Brittany on the other, the joined fasces and garlands of republican France, with its graceful monogram; the flags of all the Allies; the coat of arms of all the provinces of France, and the old E Pluribus Unum, eagle, scroll, darts and all. The walls were banked with palms, with myrtle, with evergreens, and festooned electric lights ran around the moulding. Altogether, it was a little piece of dreamland, gotten up in honor of the great man who, France confidently expects, will make all its dreams of peace and freedom come true.

Outside, on the pier itself, Yank sentries paced nervously up and down, obeying in strict literalness that most general of all general orders—"to observe everything that takes place within sight or hearing"—politely reprimanding colonels, correspondents and everybody who tried to sneak a smoke to take the nervous edge off the waiting process and generally keeping the scene of the landing in order. Aides, Stevedore lieutenants, special mission and liaison officers scuttled about, giving last minute instructions and counter-instructions to each other and to anybody who happened to be around. French fonctionnaires did the same; so did naval officers of both countries; so did everybody, until at last all things were ready.

At five minutes after 3 the lucky possessors of binoculars on shore could see the President's ensign being rapidly hauled down from the mast-head of the George Washington. The moment for which everyone had waited all that expectant day was approaching.

As the lighter Tudno, a leisurely, dowager-like sidewheeler, steamed away from the big liner's side, a mighty cheer went up from the massed thousands on the old ramparts, and 20,000 Yankee tars of the assembled fleet manned the rails and gave three rousing ones to boot. The guns barked anew, their flashes gleaming like fireflies through the fog. Far in a corner of one of the harbor forts the French field music sounded "Aux Champs." Down on the pier that awaited the President a French marine band broke into "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Tudno Draws Alongside

Now the proper thing to do when the National Anthem is played is literally to "face the music," to face it while standing at the stiffest attention and salute. The Yanks on the dock and near it, however, did nothing of the sort; they faced the President's boat, keeping their salute and attention the while. They relaxed for a moment when the band stopped for breath, only to stiffen again as it crashed into "La Marseillaise." And then—and then the Tudno drew alongside.

"Where's the President?" the murmur rang along the pier. In a minute the well-informed and movie-frequenting spotted Secretary Lansing and gave him a great cheer, to which he bowed a pleased and flushed return. In another instant the A.E.F.'s own General Pershing was descried, and a lusty roar of acclamation went up. Mrs. Wilson drew another tremendous shout as she stood there, with a little silk American flag in her hand, waving and beaming at all her delighted countrymen. But—and there was the question—where was the President?

The Tudno bumped up alongside the pier like an ungainly rookie trying to do his part toward dressing up the line. Nimble Yank Stevedores and French matelots grabbed hold of the ropes, and in a trice had coupled the red-white-and-blue-festooned gangplank onto its counterpiece on the lighter. With a final wrench and twist, a last creaking of cordage and timber, the way was made safe for the Presidential party to alight.

One by one the good gray-haired counsellors, French and American, mounted the steps leading to the gangplank from the deck of the lighter and stepped ashore. At sight of them the long line of young French marines along the dockside sprang to present arms, and their clarions sounded. Up to "present saber" came the sword of every French officer on the pier. But—where was the President?

First Citizen on Shore

More good gray-haired gentlemen, in frock coats and tall hats. More gray-haired gentlemen in olive drab and silver stars. More gray-haired gentlemen resplendent in Navy or horizon blue, with gold and silver decorations twinkling in the first bit of sunlight Brest had seen that day. And then—

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light——"

The marine band fairly vaulted into those first stirring bars. The Yanks who had been fussing with the gangplank snapped to attention. The hat of every civilian in the crowd was doffed as if by instinct. And across the narrow little bridge, with alert, quick step, hat in hand and smiling graciously, as if with a keen and boyish pleasure in the sights around him, marched America's first citizen, come to repay the visit of America's first and oldest friend, the Marquis de Lafayette.

It needed only cars after that to realize that the President had at last arrived.

NEW WATCH ON RHINE XMAS GIFT TO WORLD

Continued from Page 1

able column of olive drab melted into the all-enshrouding mist. Not so the flag and the standards, when their turn came to cross the Rhine. Always they shone bravely from shore to shore.

It was the one touch of color in all that drab and cheerless morning, from the moment when, midstream, the river wind caught and flung them wide, till, dwindling, dwindling, they became only a point of scarlet in a curtain of mist, like a poppy blooming in the cranny of a gray wall. And always, faintly from the other shore, came the music of the band playing in the rain.

Massed Since Preceding Sunday

While the First Brigade, with ponderous trucks and smoking kitchens, moved over the pontoon, the Second Brigade was crossing by the beautiful three-span Pfaffendorf bridge near by. Below, the famous Thirty-second was crossing and below them the Second, while above, the Third had edged upstream a bit toward Bingen.

For this crossing, the troops had been massing on the left bank since the preceding Sunday, when the first cavalry trotted into Remagan and the first infantry—a whole trainload of affable doughboys—arrived in Coblence.

In their sector of the Rhine, certainly, the Yankees feel quite at home. They were sternly forbidden to wander out of it, for the various bridgeheads were kept as severely separate as watertight compartments, but the out-posts could not help meeting occasionally, and on Thursday of last week, when troops that looked hauntingly like our own marched into Bonn, the Yanks discovered, to their great delight, that their neighbors below stream were the Canadians.

"Hail, Kennida!"

The exchange of courtesies would run something like this:

"Cheer-o Kennida, what division?"

"The Second."

"Is 'at so? So's this."

"The Second American? Some division, from what they tell us."

"We'll say it is. Where's the British?"

"The Imperials? Oh, down stream somewhere."

"What's your main town?"

"Bonn."

"What kind of a place?"

"Ditto."

"How are things going?"

"Lovely. Just lovely. Couldn't be better if we were home in the States."

"*Home* in the States? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Oh, well, I'm from Ioway myself. Half of us are Americans."

"The hell you say. Then, why didn't you come over in our Army?"

"Because it didn't come over soon enough."

A thoughtful silence for a while. Then:

"Well, see you in Ioway, Kennida."

"Right-o."

Thus it befell that Canada and America crossed the Rhine shoulder to shoulder.

Now the Stars and Stripes float from the skyline flagpole of Ehrenbreitstein. Ehrenbreitstein sounds rather like the name of some cloak and suit house in New York, but it is really a fortress so formidable that it is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. If, when they began to fashion it just after Waterloo, any prophetic soul had told the powers that were that a century later its garrison would echo to the tread of soldiers from the absurd, little sapling republic across the Atlantic, they would have flung him into its lowest keep as a dangerous lunatic.

The fortress, which copies the old hill-top castles of which the weather-battered ruins still frown down on the Rhine, was reared on the site of just such a stronghold as had stood for centuries there at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. It is hollowed out from just such a sheer riverside rock as the Lorelei itself. Its vast underground chambers will billet a hundred thousand men. By spiral paths that lead through tunnels and over drawbridges, you reach at last its battlements, which rise full 385 feet above the river bed. From them you can see triangular Coblence laid out like a relief map at the base of the fortress and survey the historic countryside from Stolzenfels to Andernach.

Baedeker's account of Ehrenbreitstein is accurate, though vague. It contains what today is a serious error. It says: "Foreign officers are not admitted." Correct this to read "German officers," and the sentence may stand.

From Ehrenbreitstein itself, which is a small town opposite Coblence, the bridgehead reaches for 30 kilometers into Germany.

RETURNING TROOPS MUSTERED OUT IN THEIR OLD CAMPS

Units Go to Centers at Which Majority of Men Joined Army

MANY TO BE MADE CASUALS

Unassigned Will Be Discharged in Draft Area Cantonments Nearest Home

Officers and men of the A.E.F. will be mustered out on their return to the United States in the camps or cantonments at which they entered he Service, according to latest embarkation instructions.

Commanding generals of divisions or brigades, upon receiving orders to prepare their organizations for return to the United States, are to send in to Hq., S.O.S., a report by wire showing the percentages of their organizations which were inducted into the Service at each of the camps or cantonments in the States. This report is called for at once in the case of commanders whose organizations already have been notified to prepare for return.

The same instructions pertain to commanders of regiments, battalions, companies or smaller units ordered to prepare for return.

Detached as Casuals

Upon arrival in the United States each regiment or separate battalion is to be sent to the camp or cantonment in the draft area in which the greater percentage of its men entered the Service. Prior to leaving France, that part of the personnel inducted into Service at other camps will be transferred to casual detachments destined to the camps or cantonments in which they were inducted into Service.

They will be carried as unassigned troops. Infantry, Engineers, Artillery, etc., and will accompany their regiment or battalion as detachments. However, no detachment of fewer than 25 men will be formed.

Men from camps for which there is no detachment will remain with the organization, or be reported and included in other detachments as may be necessary to send them to camps near their homes for discharge.

To the Old Home Camp

Upon arrival in the United States, the regiment or separate battalion will be sent to the camp from which the greatest number of its men came. The casual detachments will be placed under officers who come from the same area and sent to the camps where the men entered the Army.

Companies or smaller units, proceeding alone, will also be sent to the camps or cantonments nearest the draft areas from which the majority of their men entered the Service.

The Finance Department of the Q.M.C. has bought from the French Government all the American money in France to use for exchange and in paying embarking troops. The French Government has promised to deliver $7,000,000 in American currency, and the pay stations at Brest, St. Nazaire and Bordeaux are now operating. Patients at the embarkation hospital centers of Savenay, Beau Desert and Brest are also being given American money in exchange for their French money.

ALL SERVICES PLAN RECORD CHRISTMAS

Gifts, Entertainments and Real Santa Claus in Every A.E.F. Hut

Christmas is going to be celebrated with a bang in every Y and K. of C. hut, every Red Cross canteen, every mess-shack and every ward of every hospital in the A.E.F. Every one of the structures mentioned is to have its own tree, and each of at least 1,000 Y huts will have its own set of Santa Claus whiskers.

Most important of all, though, there will be free Christmas presents for everybody, in addition to the 9x4x3's sent from home. The gift from the Y.M.C.A. to every doughboy it can reach will be a box containing two large cakes of milk chocolate, two packages of cigarettes, a tin of smoking tobacco, and a package of gum. The K. of C. also promises Christmas presents, which will be in the nature of a surprise—an ample and satisfying surprise, moreover. It already has Christmas cards enough for everybody to remember the home folks.

In the hospitals every wounded or sick man will be directed to hang up an issue sock at the foot of his cot—preferably one of the big, heavy, winter ones, for the Red Cross's contribution is to be a hefty one. In addition to smokes, chocolate and gum or eating tobacco, there will be parcels of nuts, candy, fruit and cookies. The present from the Red Cross will further include two handkerchiefs, safety pins and sox—in case, presumably, that the one hung up at the foot of the cot cracks under the strain.

Day's Entertainment Plans

The entertainment plans for the day are many and varied. To every Y hut in France has been sent the book of a Christmas minstrel show and a one-act play called "Mistletoe and Onions," designed to be played by men of the A.E.F. with or without help.

Like all the other auxiliaries of the A.E.F., the Y is making it a point to invite to its Christmas celebration as many French children as possible, knowing that a Christmas without children would be worse than an army without privates.

The Red Cross plans to have an entertainment in every hospital, the details of which are to be arranged by the local workers, and the K. of C. will put on shows in all its huts and hostels. In Paris there will be a big informal Christmas Eve and Christmas Day party at the Red Cross's headquarters in the Hotel Regina, with the American uniform the only card of admission needed, and silver stars counting for no more than first class privates' buttons. Also, there will be turkey at the Red Cross canteens in the Gare St. Lazare and the Gare du Nord, at 19 Rue Traversiers, at the Regina, and at two new hotels for enlisted men, which will open officially on Christmas Day. They are located at 8-10 Rue Hyancinthe and at 24 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. The turkey and the party won't cost any Yank a sou.

3,444 FINAL TOTAL IN WAR ORPHAN EFFORT

Continued from Page 1

on account of its central location—being within easy hiking distance of all parts of the United States—and after the presentation was over we would say, "General, dismiss the Army." But, as suggested, there are so many things in the way of this plan that we haven't got the nerve to try it. For that matter there isn't any medal. It is like the lawyer's question—hypothetical. But the citation goes. That's real.

The final week's adoptions, to an even higher degree than in former weeks, included many *notable features*. It was the receipt of large contributions for large groups of children that swelled the total.

The 306th Engineers dispatched Chaplain Warren P. Grant with 23,000 francs for 46 children. Nearly all of this money was gathered before the signing of the armistice while the 306th Engineers were waiting close behind the line ready to go in.

One Company Takes 12

The franc-raising started in Co. D when the captain explained the plan. A contest was begun by platoons. The Headquarters Detachment and the First and Second platoons took two each, and the rest of the platoons one. Privates Kachares and Speronis, both Greeks by birth, took a child between them, and made Co. D's total nine.

The rest of the regiment got busy. Co. E took 12, Co. A adopted eight. Co. B seven, Lieut. Col. T. T. Luguer donated 500 francs and the field staff officers 1,000 francs.

The sailors of the U.S.S. Wyoming making a lusty response on behalf of the Navy, sent in 12,000-odd francs, enough to support 24 children for a year. It is the record lump contribution from the Navy.

The R.O.S. Detachment at A.P.O. 741 subscribed for 22 children.

The 109th Machine Gun Battalion of the 28th Division which, after the German war machine started to skip and boil over in the vicinity of Château-Thierry last July, spent most of its time under fire, was a heavy subscriber.

There are 677 men in the battalion and 14 officers, and they gathered 7,000 francs for 14 children. The 109th started out to raise funds for the orphans several times, but every time it started it, got orders to go into the line. It wasn't until the armistice was signed that it was really able to catch the paymaster and its breath long enough to make the collection.

The officers and enlisted men of Intermediate Ordnance Depot No. 2 headed a long list of subscriptions from the Ordnance Department with enough francs to make 13 orphans contented for 12 months.

The 21st Field Artillery adopted eight more orphans and made its total for the campaign 52. The 327th Field Artillery adopted an even dozen children.

The Balloon service appeared conspicuously in the list again this week. The Army Balloon school and the Balloon companies stationed there became godfathers of ten fatherless children.

In Memory of Its Dead

Evacuation Hospital No. 10 took five children, one each in the memory of the five members of the unit who died in France: Privates Frank J. Piper, Harry A. Sheets, Howard L. Sherrick, Earl O. Weist and Harry E. Schreiber.

The S.O.S. wound up its contributions to the Christmas campaign by ordering 20 more orphans and making the total of the Christmas adoptions which have come through S.O.S. headquarters 1,044. In addition, 3,000 francs were forwarded from the Trianon theater in Tours, S.O.S. headquarters.

It was the sum gained in the previous week from voluntary contributions taken at performances and was in addition to 4,000 francs received for eight children the week before. All told, the Trianon theater audiences are godfathers to 14 fatherless children.

The Air Service finished strong. The District of Paris headed this week's list of A.S. contributors with enough francs to give homes to nine children for a twelvemonth. The Second Aviation Instruction Center at Tours topped off its previous liberal contributions with a request for seven orphans.

Troops in the District of Paris adopted 11 children, four of whom were taken by the office of the M.T.O. Company D of the 13th Engineers sent in 2,000 francs for four orphans in addition to one previously adopted.

From the States, Herbert E. Knox, of New York City, sent 1,500 francs for three children, making four in his orphan group. "Three Little Yankee Girls" whose daddy is serving his country in France sent for an orphan from Palo Alto, Calif. Kappa Sigma Chapter of the University of Michigan forwarded 500 francs one week after it called upon its members for contributions.

The orphan department has begun a statistical check-up of the card index system to determine who's who in orphan fathering. The tally will tell the number of orphans taken by the different branches of the service, by units, by individuals, etc., and ought to settle a lot of debate as to which units have most distinguished themselves.

High Spirit of Generosity

Several letters have been received lately, mostly accompanying contributions, asking if the aforesaid enclosed contribution does not place them at the head of the list in their class. Many of the later contributions have shown a wonderfully high spirit of generosity among the members of contributing units.

Also, some of the organizations who made adoptions early in the summer have followed these by other adoptions from time to time and have amassed sizable groups of children by about the same sort of filtering-in process that the Germans tried up around Château-Thierry last summer with less success.

They have come in almost unnoticed until now they are here in strength. One battery of Field Artillery wrote in this week saying that it had noted the publicity given to organizations for making large contributions lately and called attention to the fact that since last summer it has been supporting 14 children.

As a matter of fact, it did more than call attention to the fact. It said, "Why the hell don't you say something about us?"

Well, we will, as soon as we get the check-up made.

Several units and groups are still gathering funds. At a concert given under the direction of Lt. Col. Collis in Bordeaux Monday night, for instance, 2,700 francs were raised. Although adoptions have closed, such funds will still be received. They will be devoted to carrying out a plan for continuing the fund, now being worked out.

TAKEN THIS WEEK:

464th Aero Squadron	1
M.T.C. Garage, London	2
Detachment, Engrs. Purchasing Office, Paris	1
Field Officers, 69th Art., C.A.C.	1
Co. A, 27th Engrs.	1
Hq. Co., 3rd Regt., A.S. Mechs.	1
Mrs. Martin Van Convering, Los Angeles, Calif.	1
Co. K, 327th Inf.	2
Officers, 103rd M.G. Bn.	1
Irving W. Kipp, Baltimore, Md.	1
Enl. Men, Ord. Dept., A.O.D. No. 1	2
Co. K, 352nd Inf.	1
Hq. S.O.S. (Trianon Theatre)	6
S.S.U. 506	1
S.S.U. 584	1
S.S.U. 606	1
Enl. Men, Ord. Detch., Adv. Ord. Depot No. 4	2
Ancient Craft Lodge, F. and A.M., Rochester, N.Y.	1
Ordnance Men of 89th Div.	1
Co. M, 5th Bn., 22nd Engrs.	1
Hq. Co., 320th F.A.	1
Enl. Men, Base Hosp. No. 24	1
Gasoline and Oil Branch, Gievres	1
4th Platoon, Co. I, 11th Marines	1
Co. C, 308th M.G. Bn.	1
Enl. Men, 20th Co., A.S. Mechs.	1
410th Telegraph Bn.	1
Lt. Felix Stapleton, F.A.	1
1st Bn., 301st Inf.	1
Co. E, 23rd Engrs.	2
Detch., Div. of Const. and Forestry, Hq. S.O.S.	1
Sailors of U.S.S. Wyoming	24
Pvt. J. L. Jones	1
Ord. Detch., Intermediate Ord. Depot No. 4	1
Ambulance Co. No. 113, 104th Sanitary Train	1
Co. C, 10th Engrs. (Forestry)	1
376th Aero Training Squadron	1
Lt. E. W. Van C. Lucas, Jr.	2
Herbert K. Knox, New York City	3
Troop E, 3rd Cavalry	2
Detch., 521st Engrs., Nevers	2
Hq. G.I.S.D., Field and Staff	2
Major Garrett, General Staff College	3
Officers, Base Hosp. No. 46	1
Miss Martha S. Calvert, Jersey Shore, Pa.	1
Evacuation Hosp. No. 10	5
Co. D, 13th Engrs., Ry.	4
Lt. Hubert H. d'Autremont	1
Battery B, 102nd F.A.	1
Troy Laundry Co., Seattle, Wash.	1
Miss Sarah Bradley, Boston, Mass.	1
170th Aero Squadron	1
Sgt. Harry Powers	1
Hq. Troop and Detch., 90th Div.	2
Co. L, 35th Regt., T.C.	1
Lt. C. W. Pettigrew	1
First National Bank Girls, Williston, N.D.	1
"Three Little Yankee Girls," Palo Alto, Calif.	1
Base Hosp. No. 12	1
49th Aero Squadron	1
Balloon Section, Office Chief of A.S.	1
Kappa Sigma Chapter, U. of Michigan	1
M. Elizabeth Berry, Greenville, Miss.	1
Ward 17, care Miss Edna O. Stuart, Base Hosp. No. 13	1
Miss Helen P. Blodgett, Washington, D.C.	1
Battery D, 145th F.A.	4
Peckham Auxiliary of Newkirk Chapter, A.R.C., Newkirk, Okla.	1
3rd Platoon, Co. I, 11th Marines	1
411th Telegraph Bn.	2
103rd Mobile Ord. Repair Shop	1
165th Aero Squadron	1
Group Wilcox, Am. Mission, Reserve Mallet	1
Group Browning, Am. Mission, Reserve Mallet	1
Hq. Co., Am. Mission, Reserve Mallet	1
Co. G, 361st Inf.	2
6th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechanics	2
L.V.W., Air Service	1
The Sailor, B.P. Box, Honorary Fund, U.S. Naval Air Station, Pauillac	1
Ypsilanti Players, Ypsilanti, Mich.	1
Ord. Dept., O. and T. Center No. 1	1
480th Aero Const. Squadron	1
Dorothy, Marjorie and Martha Shepard, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	1
Engr. Depot, Detch., Base Sect. No. 5	1
Base Hosp. No. 36	1
Bakery Co., No. 324	2
Co. G, 11th Marines	1
327th F.A.	12
Miss Inglis Griswold, Erie, Pa.	1
Hq. Co., 327th Inf.	2
20 Members of Co. A, 5th Engrs.	1
Co. A, 5th Engrs.	1
S. M.	1
Ames School District No. 7, Ames, N.Y.	1
Base Hospital No. 85	2
Mobile Hosp. No. 5	1
11th Co., 20th Engrs.	3
Southern Detch., 45th Co., 20th Engrs.	1
306th Engrs.	46
Hq. Army Balloon School	2
17th Balloon Co.	2
18th Balloon Co.	2
19th Balloon Co.	1
20th Balloon Co.	1
101st Balloon Regt. Co.	1
102nd Balloon Co.	1
Co. B, 112th Engrs.	2
Personnel Sect., Office, Chief of A.S.	2
In Memory of Major B. Franklin Pepper	1
Major Phelps Newberry, A.S.	1
Harry Sheridan Pitt, Harry D. Butan, C. E. Cobby, B. N. Berthine, Walter H. Gerow, Y.M.C.A.	1
830th Aero Squadron	1
30th Balloon Co.	1
15th Co., 4th M.M. Regt., A.S.	1
Radio Detch., 2nd A.I.C.	1
4th Co., 2nd M.M. Regt., A.S.	2
Pilotage, 2nd A.I.C.	2
184 Aero Squadron	1
2nd A.I.C.	2
Lt. E. M. Weiser	1
Base Hosp. No. 14	1
667th Aero Supply Squadron	3
364th Ambulance Co., 316th San. Tr.	1
Mrs. D. Dwight Douglas, Detroit, Mich.	1
Co. E, 52nd Telegraph Bn.	2
R.O.S. Detch., A.P.O. 741	22
8th F.A.	1
Signal and Q.M. Detch., A.P.O. 711	1
Bakery Co. No. 330	1
118th F.A.	1
Ord. Detch., A.P.O. 711	1
A.R.C. Military Hosp. No. 2	2
Office of Depot Q.M., Paris	2
A.R.C., Military Hosp. No. 8	2
Office of Motor Transport Officer, Paris	4
M.T.C., Mon. Winchester Dist., England	3
Ford Junction Aerodrome, England	2
Colored Ord., Detch., I.O.D. No. 5	1
White Ord. Detch., 5th Labor Co., and Officers, I.O.D. No. 5	2
Officers, 150th F.A.	1
Air Service, Dist. of Paris	9
Officers and Enl. Men, I.O.D. No. 2	13
109th M.G. Bn.	14
21st F.A.	8
Previously adopted	2,468
Adopted before Christmas campaign	514
Grand Total of A.E.F. Family	3,444

NEW LEAVE CENTERS IN WINTER PARADISE

Chamonix, Annecy and St. Gervais Now at A.E.F.'s Disposal

Enlarging upon the already well known Savoy leave area, the famous resorts of Chamonix, Annecy and St. Gervais, in the Haut-Savoie department of France, bordering on Switzerland, are *to be open to A.E.F. permissionaires*, the first named about the middle of January and the others February 1. When going at full tilt they will have accommodations for about 3,200 men at a time.

Chamonix, the most famous of the three, situated on the slopes of Mont Blanc, is one of the world's finest places *for the enjoyment of winter sports*, such as skiing, skating, coasting and climbing, having but one competitor—St. Moritz, in Switzerland. Its climate is cold, bracing and invigorating—but for the benefit of the snow-bound Yanks in the east of France be it said that, if they go there, they will be lodged in none but well heated hotels. For a general club and recreation hall, the Y.M.C.A. has leased the whole ground floor of the beautiful new Hotel Majestic, where dancing and music and movies and all the rest can be enjoyed.

Annecy, lying by the lake of that name, offers equal facilities for winter sports, and equal hotel accommodations. It was in the Lac d' Annecy, by the way, that "September Morn" was posed, and in the town that "September Morn" was painted. Although the original model has long since fled, the effect of her stay has been to give Annecy a much warmer climate than Chamonix and St. Gervais.

St. Gervais, separated from Chamonix by a short ride on an electric trolley line, offers facilities similar to the other two resorts.

SAILING FOR HOME

Embarkation reports show that the steamship Mongolia has sailed from Brest, having on board brigade headquarters of the 40th C.A.C., the 73rd C.A.C. regiment, the 74th C.A.C. regiment, and the 138th F.A. regiment, minus Battery E. The steamships Cartago and Sixaola have sailed from Bordeaux full of casuals, and the steamship Heredia from St. Nazaire with casuals.

ROUEN LEADS PORTS IN STEVEDORE RACE

Continued from Page 1

again, as the figures show. Incidentally—quite incidentally—it may be remarked that the job of guarding the German prisoners who work on the docks there has recently been taken over by some Belgian soldiers, nearly all of whom had been held captive by the Germans up to the day of the armistice.

Nantes, this week's runner up, has been having a good run of ships, and also of luck. At Rochefort, where the gang made such a sensational jump during the fifth week, things fell off a little, but the contest officer promises it won't be for long, and adds that it was not the men's fault. Rochefort points with pride to the large number of coal ships that were dumped on them at the last minute of the fifth week, and to the way in which the grimy cargo was sped inland to places that needed it.

Plugging Along at Bordeaux

Down at Bordeaux the gang continues to plug along, battling every day against the reloading of cargo and the debarkation of troops that has held down the unloading averages. At that, Bordeaux, because of its size, its facilities, and the huskiness of its crews, has unloaded more cargo than any other port during the contest; but, unfortunately, that doesn't count in the averages.

For all the ports put together, the tonnage unloaded for the first 12 days of December was the highest for any 12 days in the history of the A.E.F. In that time 387,025 tons were taken off the ships. The next highest figures were those for the first 12 days of November, when 363,996 tons were unloaded. All of which would seem to prove that the Race to Berlin is still going strong, and will show a-plenty toward the finish.

By way of adding a final punch to the race, it is announced from Hq., S.O.S., that not only will the best company in the winning port be sent home to God's Country, but the best company in every other port will be booked for early debarkation.

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G 2, A.E.F., 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1918.

THE C.-IN-C.'S REPORT

General Pershing's preliminary report to the Secretary of War, the first half of which is printed in this week's issue of this paper, is more than a brief summary of American military activity in the war. It is concise history of the A.E.F. and it is highly interesting soldier reading because it removes the secrecy which necessarily surrounded much of our work, divulges the general system and scheme of our operations, discloses the why and wherefore of many things we have not completely understood, and tells us a lot more about ourselves and what we have done than we have known before.

The description of the Service of Supply, the foundation upon which the whole A.E.F. rests, its organization and its working during the important months of the summer and fall, when it was not only necessary to move vast bodies of troops forward, but to supply also a man-sized army doing very active service on the front, proves that it has given a faithful account of its stewardship.

The report contains a multitude of facts concerning not only our own Army, but the Allied Armies as a whole, and of the co-operation of the Govern Governments with which we were allied. It is interesting to know, for instance, that of the slightly over 4,000 airplanes used by the American Army in France, 2,676 were supplied to us by the French.

TWO FRIENDS OF FRANCE

In these days when the President of the United States is hailed on all sides as the great friend of France, accorded one of the memorable ovations of history, and has conferred on him by acclamation the full rights of a citizen of France's proud capital, it is good for us Americans to hark back in memory 140 years and recall at this festive time the first American friend of France, by name Benjamin Franklin.

He it was who made his way, clad in the garb of democratic simplicity, to the court of Louis XVI at Versailles, and there, by dint of the homespun common sense of his arguments, his homely, ready wit and the sincerity of his zeal for liberty, induced the monarch to lend to the thirteen colonies the wherewithal to keep their struggle alive. Later, he was the determining factor in the dispatching of the expeditionary force of Comte de Rochambeau and the fleet of Comte de Grasse, which clinched the outcome of the War of the Revolution. Finally, it was he who played the greatest part in the framing of the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteeing to the infant republic on the Atlantic seaboard the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" claimed for all men by that other staunch friend of France, Thomas Jefferson.

But Franklin did even more than that. By precept and example he proved to the forward-looking but then hesitant French democratic leaders that democracy could and would pay. His silent part in paving the way for the downfall of the Bourbons and the triumph of republican principles has never been forgotten by France. That is why the proudest cities of this land have thoroughfares that bear the name of Franklin, even as there is hardly one of them today that does not have its Place, its Pont, its Avenue, or its Rue de President Wilson. What our President is to the France of the twentieth century, Franklin was to the France of the eighteenth century—an apostle of the freedom which is peculiarly the product and the pride of the New World.

"Old Ben," the frugal and sagacious printer-man of Boston town and Philadelphia—co-founder of the great republic which we serve and abettor in the foundation of the great republic which is France—would have rejoiced in every fiber of his sturdy old soul could he have been with us this past stirring week. We may be assured that he was—and is—with us in spirit, glorying in the realization that his two great twin dreams have come true, and for all time.

VETERANS—NOT YET

The war isn't over yet, but already the call of the veterans' associations is being heard in the States. From the latest news sweeping across the ocean it appears that several of these organizations are in a more or less nebulous state, and one has so far crystalized as to apear in print with an advertisement for members.

This particular organization offers membership to "veterans of the world war, commissioned officers and enlisted persons (men and women) now in active service, or who have served honorably at any time in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps." A membership-at-large is advocated for $2.50, including "official badge, button and certificate of membership."

The plan and principles of this organization may be above criticism. The plan and principles of the others may be above criticism. But if we have more than one veterans' association for the members of the A.E.F. there is the danger, almost the certainty, of complexities and conflicts. Precluding a thorough examination of the merits of any or all of them is the fact that we are several thousand miles and several months from the U.S.A., and common caution demands a stop, look and listen attitude.

It would be ideal if the impulse for an organization to succeed the A.E.F. should come at the proper time—which is after peace is signed and we really become veterans—from within instead of from without. If the promotion does have to come from the outside, however, the promoters certainly owe it to the A.E.F. to withhold operations until we have a sufficient number of world war veterans back in the States to constitute an adequate representation.

MARINE AND DOUGHBOY

No other incident in the annals of A.E.F. fighting attracted so much attention as Château-Thierry. It was "big news" in the States because it was the first time we met and beat the Boche on a grand scale. It was "big news" over here for the same reason, and had an added significance because it produced numberless internal debates in the A.E.F. centering around the question, "Who gets the credit for stopping the Germans?"

The Marines became big headliners in the papers at home. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, who had fought at their side, did not get an equal amount of publicity because the censorship rules (in now unquestioned wisdom) forbade mention of all military units by number. And fighting beside the 2nd Division was the 3rd which, so far as the first chalking up of credit was concerned, figured that it had got the worst of it all around. It was a situation entirely superficial in its effect. The most it did was provide a subject for inexhaustible billet and trench debate among the units concerned.

Now the whole truth is out. The Army has the full account of Château-Thierry as printed in last week's issue of this paper, the second of a series of officially authenticated articles on American battles of the war. It is the first complete and detailed account of Château-Thierry printed anywhere. After reading it we find final judgment is simple. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, the 5th and 6th Marines and the Infantry units of the 3rd Division played equally important, equally gallant and equally difficult parts. These eight regiments, with the other units of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, stopped the Boche at Château-Thierry.

The prowess of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions never will be appropriately chronicled in print—because it can't be done. And the same is true in varying degrees of a couple of dozen or more other divisions of the A.E.F. But so far as questions of who did what in this war are concerned, the series now being printed will go a long way toward clearing up some mooted question now under debate.

CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW

It is a far cry from the approaching Christmas back to the one which, in 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers anticipated when they landed, hard by Plymouth Rock, just 298 years ago today. Then, cold, numbed and scantily rationed, the founders of the America-to-be had naught but a hope to cheer them on, and their faith in that hope's fulfillment. Now, their descendants see already before them that hope almost fulfilled; they have all but touched the goal of the ages.

Freedom and peace that Christmas of 1620 spelled to those hardy pioneers. Freedom and peace the Christmos of 1918 spells to the Americans of today, for the past week has witnessed the opening of conferences richer in promise to the freedom-and-peace-loving nations of the world than any ever held before. It seems now that at last those principles of government which the stern old Bradfords and Brewsters, Chapins, Aldens and Standishes swore and subscribed to in that memorable meeting in the cabin of the Mayflower are to be given a broader application and interpretation, to make their influence for peaceful and righteous living felt in the four corners of the earth. It is, verily, a prospect for all Americans to contemplate with modest satisfaction.

The little band of 1620 sought freedom for itself by fleeing from tyranny. The great army of 1918 has found freedom for itself and all the world by combating tyranny on its own ground, and laying it low. The liberty which, in the words of Milton, stood

> On tiptoe in this land
> Ready to cross to the American strand

has crossed again to the European strand, there to make its influence felt in the reshaping of a new world—not the New World alone, to which the Pilgrims sailed, but a world in which there shall be no wars, or rumors of wars, in which all shall be righteousness and fair dealing and peace forevermore.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

On the same principle, presumably, that the best Italian opera performances are staged in New York, the best renditions of the American National Anthem are played by foreign bands. If there is a band in the A.E.F. that plays The Stars Spangled Banner" without omitting the third and fourth lines—that is, the music accompanying

> Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night
> O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming

—we have yet to hear of it.

The omission makes it impossible to follow the tune with the words. It destroys the balance of the piece completely. In short, it Hooverizes without mercy one of the most un-Hooverizable possesions of the American people.

Last Friday, at Brest, a French marine band saluted the President at the landing pier with "The Star Spangled Banner," played as it ought to be played, with no emasculation. At the railroad station an A.E.F. band saluted the President with the curtailed version. Somehow or other it didn't seem right, on an historic occasion of that kind, to have any jarring note, or, rather, omission of notes, creep into the day's proceedings. Yet, so it happened.

A.E.F. bands can play "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" with the best of their Allied contemporaries. The more ambitious of them can put out a very creditable "Hymn Garibaldi" and "La Brabanconne." But not a one of them, within the hearing of any one we have talked to about it, can play its own National Anthem as it was written to be played.

What's the answer? Or is there any?

The Army's Poets

THE CHRISTMAS CALL

Far above the crash of conflict, ere the star
  shells flecked the morning,
And we answered with defiance for the cause
  we love and know,
In our memory crept a picture of a day long
  since forgotten.
And we thought of Grandma's turkey, and
  the Christmas tree, and snow.

We have slogged along the highways, we have
  heard adventure calling;
We have banished dreams of comfort as we
  toyed with Fate each day;
Still across the red horizon, as the cold, gray
  dusk is falling,
Stalks a vision of our kid days, and of
  Santa and his sleigh.

Corp. Howard A. Herty, Inf.

TO THE GIRL OVER THERE

Let the glasses be filled
With the rich sparkling wine,
The blood of the grape
And the soul of the vine,
And quaff a rich draught
Of the nectar divine
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

I would travel afoot,
Weary mile upon mile,
If the end of the road
Would but lead me erewhile
To the land of my dreams
In the light of her smile—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though far, far away,
Still inspired by Love's ties,
There is gleaming tonight,
In the depths of her eyes,
The bright Light o' Love
That for me never dies—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Ah, much would I give
For a glimpse of her face;
But better by far,
Would but Fate have the grace,
Were a lingering kiss
In a lasting embrace—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though the sea rolls between,
My heart still is light,
For the bright Star o' Love
Can but lead me aright
To the Garden of Love,
But a vision tonight—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Corp. Vance C. Criss, Engrs.

THE STEVEDORES

Heave, ho! Heave, ho!
Come on, let's go, in spite of mud and snow;
Give us the cars, we'll put the go
  In cargo.

Bring on the ships, both small and great,
We'll work 'em early, work 'em late,
For we're the men who lift the freight
  Embargo.

Though cases drop, though tackle break,
The sky may fall, the earth may quake,
But one and all they fail to shake
  Our fettle.

And sun, and earth, and sea, and sky,
We face them all, and all defy,
For all, at worst, but serve to try
  Our mettle.

At heavy lift, at winch and crane,
We do our task with might and main,
We bend our backs, and sweat and strain
  Like cattle;

Through summer's sun, through winter's rain,
In cold, discomfort, ache, or pain,
We play our part, and help to gain
  The battle.

E. B. H.

THE LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES

The little wooden crosses
  Upon a rocky hill,
There where the autumn leaves drift down,
  And all is strangely still.
The old, old church that broods o'er them,
  Has seen no fairer sight
In all the years that there who gave
  Their youth, and life, and light,
To sleep beneath the wooden cross:
  Yet sweet their rest must be,
Who made themselves a sacrifice,
  That all men might be free.

The pain shall be to those who wait
  'Cross ocean mist and foam,
Who'll miss their face among the ranks
  When soldier boys come home.
But this shall be their recompense,
  To lift the cross they bear;
These were the gift a nation gave,
  An offering and a prayer.
And long as mortal tongues shall live,
  Until the world grows old,
New beauty and new glory
  Their memory shall enfold.

Nell Grayson Taylor, U.S.A.N.C.

AT TWILIGHT

SHE

I sit here in the garden, dear, and watch the
  fountain play,
And ask each little ripple to bear my thoughts
  away
To you, somewhere in France.

The whippoorwill is calling through the jasmine to its mate,
As my heart is calling yours and praying,
  dear, to fate,
To guard you, somewhere in France.

And evenings just at twilight, as all other
  love-mates do,
My soul takes wing, flies abroad, and rests,
  dear heart, with you,
Somewhere in France.

HE

I'm sitting in my dugout, dear, and waiting
  for my chow—
I think they'll get it through tonight—the
  Boche is quiet now,
Somewhere in France.

We gave 'em beaucoup shells today, we'll give
  'em gas tonight,
And I'm oiling up my rifle to carry on the
  fight,
Somewhere in France.

But through all this great adventure, at twilight every eve,
My heart pleads guilty to the charge of "Absent without leave"
Somewhere in France.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy, Aero Squadron.

AN INCIDENT

Lanes of barracks,
Gray-white and rain-drenched,
Where ambulances,
Sag-end and mud-slathered,
Slosh their way past soldiers.
Venturing new health,
And the faded green band stand—
An island in a sea of cement.

Through the propped shutter
Of the information shack,
An orderly's voice saying:
"You wanted the dope of Sergeant Canfield?
He died this morning at seven-thirty."

Lt. John Pierre Roche, Q.M.C.

THE SONG OF THE MANDOLIN

We linger a while in the twilight
As the breezes westward go,
Chording a song, a long sweet song,
That floats through the elms—along—is gone
To the heart of the girl I know.

Play sweetly—sing—my mandolin,
She hears in the twilight our song begins;
The west wind blows—she, loving, knows
The longing I'm songing at evening's close.

The mother waits for our melody
On the evening winds from over the sea;
To the home in the hills the music thrills,
Gently whispering, stills and fills
The heart of the mother I know.

Play, sweetly—sing—my mandolin,
She hears in the twilight our song begin;
The west wind blows—she, loving, knows
The longing I'm songing at evening's close.

Melvin Ryder.

THE REALLY HOMESICK

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE A.E.F. TO AMERICA

The Rhineland, Christmas, 1918.

Dear America:

Your sons are coming home. The task you set before them is nearly done, and now, day by day, week by week, month by month, your ships are bringing us home.

If we have done well, it was for love of you. Dimly we understood that we had been sent forth to slay something which, if it throve unchecked, would one day reach out across the seas and destroy you. Very clearly we understood that by ourselves would you be judged among the free peoples; that the hour had struck for us to show mankind the mettle of our pasture. And believe this—there was not one of us who did not walk a little straighter, live a little cleaner, work a little better, fight a little harder on that account. "Mammy," a Stevedore wrote in his Mothers' Day Letter last spring, "I want folks to see your raising in me." America, it was so with every one of us. We wanted all the world to see your raising in us.

And this is written just to tell you that those ships will bring back more than 2,000,000 men, every one a better citizen than when we sailed away.

Better citizens, because we know each other better. Rich and poor, high and low, rough and polished, East and West, North and South—the war has mixed us all together. Alabama and Iowa have joined to form a single brigade, and what a brigade! Oregon has fought shoulder to shoulder with New York and means more to New York than ever she meant—than ever she could have meant—before.

Better citizens because many of us—almost a million of us—have, for a time, dwelt in that community spirit which nowhere in this workaday world is quite so animate as it was in that strange, simple country which was called the front.

Above all, better citizens because you, America, mean more to us than ever before. For one thing, we have had to learn what it is to do without you. Some for a little while, others for interminable months, we have been obliged to do without you. Of course, the whole A.E.F.—though we have tried to hide it in our letters—has been as abysmally homesick as the most jealous mother could have wished. But surely that was no bad thing.

Then, too, we have seen such shining things done in your name. We who were at Château-Thierry and northwest of Verdun have seen men in olive drab and forest green beside us show themselves made of such stuff as taught us a new wonder for the land that could breed them. There were some of us who had to set forth from our own front gate and journey all the way to the Marne to discover America.

We of this generation had come to take our country for granted. We had come to take our liberty as a matter of course, like the air we breathed and the unfailing sun. It was not so with the generation that wrung the first homesteads from the wilderness. It was not so with the generation that conceived the nation in liberty and dedicated it to the proposition that all men are created equal. It was not so with the generation that fought a civil war to prove whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, could long endure. But we—we of the easy spring of 1917—were like the idle sons of some rich man, inheritors of a fortune which only he could value who had by toil and sacrifice amassed it. Now we have done more than inherit the treasure. We have earned it. We were children of a great estate. We have added to it.

And so, dear America, we write you from the Rhine. In the name of those who cannot return, in the name of the best of all, those who lie beside the Marne and the Ourcq and the Vesle and the Aire and the Meuse, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The American soldier send you his love.

A. E. F.

RIBBONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The most interesting article in THE STARS AND STRIPES this week (November 29) was hidden away on some inside page—I mean that one dealing with the fourragere.

Those of us who have waited for something official on the matter before decorating ourselves have had a good laugh on many a too-previous officer who, on the basis of a report, has been sporting around a fourragere.

While in Paris a week or so ago I met one officer who should have been awarded the "brown derby"—he wore the fourragere of the Legion of Honor, and the largest one he could find. Were it not for the fact that the Frenchmen thought he had put it on as a part of the big celebration, he probably would have been mobbed.

But to get to the point—in explaining the fourragere dud, why not attack all the atrocities now seen wherever there is a leave center or hospital, though *never on the line*? The "Marne ribbon," the "Château-Thierry ribbon," the "Argonne ribbon," the "Saint Mihiel ribbon" are now to be seen decorating the manly chests of those who have heard, or seen some one who heard, or heard of some one who had seen some one, that there was such a ribbon.

I stopped an enlisted man the other day to ask what the ribbon was he was wearing. Answer: He had seen an officer from his regiment wearing it, and the officer said it was given to those troops who fought in the Argonne Forest. I didn't have the heart to tell him he was wearing the French Madagascar service ribbon.

It was two weeks ago that I left my division on the front. Arriving here, I found two officers from my regiment who had not been with it for at least seven weeks strutting about with a fourragere, the "Marne ribbon" and the "Argonne ribbon." They were highly indignant when I said that our division had received none of the aforesaid decorations.

R. L. B.

ANOTHER ENTRY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I refrained from accepting Ensign Fred Anderson's challenge through modesty, as I have already attained sufficient fame in the culinary world, but the exploits as recounted by Clarence D. Brooks, Air Service (what temperature?) and his aspirations to the laurels for quantity hot cake baking brings back old-time triumphs to my memory, and in justice to my supporters and by their request, I will briefly outline my record hot cake days, and allow the contenders for the Croix de Chow to decide if I may enter.

The record output of which I speak occurred in Luna City, the motion picture center of the world and several hours' ride from Los Angeles, in the outskirts of that city's business district. The greatest production in history was being filmed. Chicago's Loop at lunch hour looked like a deserted village in comparison with the crowd working for one director, and when you learn that 783 cameras were in action at once you may know that business was not slumping in the kitchen.

This multitude was fed in one hall, from one kitchen, under the management of one chef, who directed the preparation of the food from his office at Avalon, several miles away. His desk resembled a train dispatcher's sheet, and his 10 telegraphers were busy every second, such was the volume of the menu. Nineteen hundred and eleven head cooks, who had seven second cooks each, who in turn had helpers, worked the range. It was four miles long and consumed 90 barrels of oil to warm the plates alone, while six oil wells kept it going meal times. I would like to relate some of the dinners we served, but this is about hot cakes.

As it was my own invention, I was put in charge. Each morning when the ferry boat in the studio back of the pyramids blew its whistle, the range was cleared for action. The grease was applied by a street sprinkler suspended on overhead rails. The batter was dropped at the proper intervals by an automatic sprinkler system remodeled by myself for this purpose. Six turbine engines forced the mixture through the pipes, and one turn of the operating lever started 20,000 hot cakes baking at once. These I turned by my own turners, modeled after a gang plow, and which I guided up and down the range by hand, I being suspended by a trolley wire in a basket. The number I turned out each morning may be imagined when I tell you that the salt alone used in the batter often ran over three tons.

The only condition to the contest that I would suggest is that the contest be held at sea level, as the air is less rarified there.

J. Gorman Strasler, F.A.

TACTLESS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I will relate here in as few words as possible an incident that occurred to me while walking down the main street of Tours.

In passing a second lieutenant of the Military Police, I was immediately pulled from the sidewalk and shoved into the street in a file of marching men by an M.P. that walked behind the lieutenant. We were directed down a side street and into a courtyard, whereupon the lieutenant gave a lecture on military courtesy, and instructed an M.P. to take names and numbers.

I stepped up to the lieutenant and said: "Sir, I cannot salute, for my arm is stiff from a wound."

Thereupon he said: "Well, I cannot help that. I did not know you could not salute when I arrested you."

Where does this officer get his authority to arrest men, humiliate and insult them by having them pulled off the sidewalk, shoved into the street and marched through the main street of the town as if guilty of a crime, when he does not know whether the men can salute, for the patients of two hospitals close to Tours frequent the town on pass, and many of them, by reason of wounds, have had arms rendered incapable of saluting?

A Doughboy.

TELLING NO LIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The following is a conversation that took place a few weeks ago at the front. We had, a short while before, listened to most explicit instructions that we were on no account to give any information as to outfit, destination, etc., while on the road. It was one of those inky dark nights that make a black cat look like a shining beacon light and we halted for a few moments outside the munition dump. About 20 of us were standing in a bunch when someone approached us and the following conversation took place:

Voice in the Dark: Are you going into the dump?

One of the Boys: No, we're out giving the horses an airing.

Voice in the Dark: Don't get fresh, now; who is your commanding officer?

Answer: We haven't got any.

Voice in the Dark: How many caissons have you got?

Answer: Lots of them.

Voice (getting excited): You are addressing an officer. What outfit is this?

Answer: Horse section of the Aviation Corps.

Voice (very angry): Horse section of the Avia—, blankety blank blank. What in— do you mean?

Answer: Well, we're always going up somewhere.

Voice (trembling with indignation): Who in — are you?

Answer: I be the mess sergeant. Who be you?

Sounds of retreating footsteps and someone making remarks not exactly suitable for publication in a newspaper intended for home consumption.

Roy B. Miner, Captain, Am. Tr.

WHO HAS MORE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I notice in your issue of November 8 that the Stevedores at Base Section No. 2 are claiming championship honors for the large accounts of money deposited and sent home to relatives. If some of those Stevedores would visit Base Section No. 5 and look over the official records of the different companies there, they would go back satisfied that the interest on deposits at Base Section No. 5 will almost equal the amounts of money deposited at Base Section No. 2.

The 849th Company, formerly Company I, Stevedores, has a deposit of $11,481 at the present date, with a company strength of 186 men, as the company has been assigned 58 recruits with pay due from enlistment. As the C.O. of the company, I would be pleased to have any of the officers or men of Base Section No. 2 call on me and get pointers, especially after the new men are paid off.

This company is the proud godfather of a French orphan baby, aged 7, Odette Breton by name, and is now about to present her with a handsome Christmas present, as all of our money is not deposited.

John Deavy, Capt., U.S.A.

LOST A.E.F. LEGIONS ON CHRISTMAS MAP

Yanks Will Spend Holiday in Russia and Almost in Montenegro

HUNGARY HAS BATTALION

Another of Same Regiment, 332nd Infantry, in Austria, Third Still on Soil of Italy

Old St. Nicholas will be forced to travel the entire length of the Allied line in Europe this Christmas to distribute his 9x4x3's to the snowboys and doughboys of the A.E.F. For the snowboys of the Lost Legions of the A.E.F., whether stationed on the Murman Coast of Russian Lapland, or in Fiume, Hungary, where the Julian Alps end, must be remembered at Yuletide, as well as the doughboys in Belgium and those with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

It is now permissible for the first time to give the stations of the various units of the A.E.F. which have been scattered from the coast of Kola Penin, between Norway and the White Sea, to the shadows of the Montenegrin mountains. In these distant battlefields the signing of the armistice found American soldiers fighting the same enemies as opposed the troops on the Western front proper.

The 339th Infantry Regiment of the 85th Division, composed of sturdy men from Minnesota, sailed from England on August 26 for the Murman Coast of Russia. These were designated for the Far North because they were accustomed to rigorous climatic conditions. A battalion of the 310th Engineers and a hospital and ambulance company accompanied the regiment. These troops were sent to combat the military movement fostered by the Germans in the Far North.

Ohioans in Italy

To Italy was sent the 332nd Infantry Regiment of the 83rd Division from Ohio. It was accompanied by several ambulance companies. The close of hostilities found the regiment in line near Treviso, capital of the province of that name in Italy and 18 miles northwest of Venice.

The First Battalion of the 332nd was at Cattaro, a strongly fortified port in the Austrian crownland of Dalmatia. Cattaro, which has a population of 6,000, lies at the foot of the steep Montenegrin hills.

The Second Battalion was in line near Fiume, while the Third Battalion and the ambulance companies were at Treviso. Fiume is an important seaport of Hungary, 35 miles southeast of Trieste, on the Adriatic where the Julian Alps end.

THE HUN ATTACK THAT NEVER CAME

An Argonne Memory

When, at sundown on the evening of October 7, relief finally fought its way through to that battalion of New York's own which, for five historic days and nights, had been surrounded in a valley in the Forest of Argonne, it was known that the relief had come just in time.

It was known that the men had reached the limit of their strength, that they were dying—literally dying—from hunger and exposure, that their ammunition had dwindled to almost nothing, that they were in no position to meet the attack expected that night. But not until the Americans entered Germany did it become known how narrow was the escape which that celebrated relief furnished.

For, finding that their artillery could not reach the entrenched Americans and that those soldiers fortified there in the jungle ravine were, even at the last, in no mood to surrender, the Germans had sent for flame-throwers with which to burn to death every man in the Whittlesey battalion.

The flame-throwers were on their way; the first of them had already arrived. They were to have been used in an attack the next day. But that attack was never made. When the next day came, the relieving regiment had already hacked its way through, and the beleaguered battalion was safe.

This much was learned by the Americans who, swapping experiences with some of the discharged German soldiers now at large in Rhenish Prussia, came upon some who had been in the force that surrounded the Whittlesey battalion in the Argonne.

Many are the mysteries solved, the stories completed, the sequels furnished in those chance encounters under the aegis of the armistice by soldiers who had fought opposite each other in the Argonne.

Not only do such chances come to stray soldiers on country roads. The high officers of both sides have certain missions to execute which occasionally bring them together at some staff mess, and, once the white-lipped restraint has been broken it may be guessed that there are interesting tales told across the table of why such and such a brigade made such and such a move of why on one night or another the artillery—ours or theirs—fell short of its mark, and so on and so on.

There are moments in these meetings that recall the verandas of the golf clubs back home, lively with hot but fairly amicable dispute as to why this stroke or that was made. They are like the post-mortems between the hands in poker.

NO OFFICERS' TRANSFERS

Bulletin No. 97, G.H.Q., stating that no more applications for transfer from one branch of service to another would be considered, applies only to officers, according to the Adjutant General's Department. It is based upon the policy of the War Department that no more commissions or officers' promotions are to be granted in the A.E.F. Transfers of enlisted men from one service to another are still permissible where adequate reasons are shown.

SHELL SHOCK RECOVERIES

In 95 per cent of so-called shell-shock cases occurring in the A.E.F., men were able to continue rendering military service in France. Sixty-three per cent were fitted to return to the front line duty after varying periods, according to figures made available by the Chief Surgeon's Office. Only 5 per cent of men suffering from so-called shell-shock were classified D for return to the States.

ALMOST OUT OF FRANCE

(Signal Corps Photo)

Homeward bound Yank, his pack adorned with the flags of the sister republics, registering with the embarkation officer at St. Nazaire before he steps up the transport's gangplank.

WITH THE PRESIDENT IN BREST AND PARIS

It was at Brest that this happened, while the good Breton townsfolk were decorating in honor of the President's coming the handsome little salle de reception on the now famous Pier No. 3. Gayly they pavoisséd it with all the colors of the Allies, with great flags bearing upon them the seals of Brittany, of Finisterre, and of Brest itself.

Only one thing stuck in their minds—was there not, perchance,—some "emblème particulière" which M. le Président would especially rejoice to see upon first landing on a foreign shore? Perplexed, they sought the advice of a certain member of the Yank Stevedore outfit then engaged on the pier.

"Sure," he said. "What you want to get into the sketch is a big elephant—a whopping big elephant. The elephant is the emblem of the President's own political party, see?"

The delighted Brestites thereupon started out to search high and low for an elephant. The job was difficult, seeing that the Tank of the Jungle does not exactly thrive in the atmosphere of Brittany. But finally the problem was solved. The Siamese consul at the port admitted, when interviewed, that he did have a large Siamese flag, with a large-tusked elephant thereon. Yes, he would count it one of the great privileges of his life if he could lend that flag to the Brest reception committee, to do honor to the great Ally of his King.

The flag was duly installed. And when the President, smiling and with high hat in hand, first stepped into the salle de reception, there upon his right hand the emblem of the G.O.P. beamed down upon him.

It was most fitting that, after the ceremonial rendition of "La Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the French marine band on the pier should strike up at once, for the President's hearing, "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse," with its poignant reminder of how that gallant company

Recut de morts aux cris de liberte,
Suivant la route glorieuse
Qui les conduit a l'immortalite!

Truly, they "received their deaths with cries of 'Liberty!' following the glorious road which led them to immortality." In a sense, it was a delicate compliment to the President, many of whose fellow-countrymen had fallen by the banks of that selfsame Meuse in the new fight for liberty.

It was Mrs. Wilson who bestowed the first official kiss of the President's party. The recipient was little Jeanne Hervagault, the seven-year-old daughter of the deputy mayor of Brest, who presented her with a beautiful big bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. And little Jeanne, in her pretty pink and white embroidered frock and dainty little scalloped lace Breton cap, looked so beamingly pleased that no one can blame her for not wanting to wash her little red cheeks for a week. Certainly, she was the proudest seven-year-old in Brittany that day, and she looked it.

The first chauffeur to pilot the President in France was Q.M. Sergeant William F. Bartholomay, who hails from Forest City, Pa. He picked up his Chief at the dock in Brest and took him over the tortuous route up the Cours Dajot to the railroad station. He says he'll remember that ride all his life long, driving "the most saluted car in France."

On the way to Paris, the President's special train stopped at the little town of Plouaret for dinner. The 5:30 out of Brest passed the President's special at that point, and for the rest of the journey took all the applause meant for the presidential party.

A Y.M.C.A. man of the name of Little, who used to be a newspaper man before he broke out the Red Triangle, looks not a little like the President. As luck would have it, he sat next the window of one of the compartments, with his Y hat off. And for miles and miles he was hailed with "Vives" and "'Oorays!" until, overcome, he sought refuge in the aisle.

Golden rod, the national flower of America, bloomed on the streets of Paris the day the President reached the capital. Most of it—in fact, just about the whole supply—was bought up by Aussies on leave, each of whom stuck a sprig of it in his unforgivably natty hat for all the world to see.

The only trouble was that the golden rod was artificial. But it was all there was to be had, and even from a few feet away it looked like the genuine article. And it did its golden bit to help make the day American.

More than one American saw the President pass through Paris from the unimpeded vantage point of a tall tree, and at least one American brought his own axe with him so that he might lop off any offending branches.

The branches weren't in the way, but the axe most decidedly was. He spent the hour before the carriages came in taking care that the axe did not drop on the heads of the scores of people packed at the foot of his perch. Happily, it did not. If it had, this would have been another story—and some brand-new court-martial data would have gone down on somebody's service record.

The American soldier and the French gendarme got along famously together during the public celebration of the President's arrival. Many a doughboy who forced has way through a crowd to the point where gendarmes barred the way stopped and wondered what kind of bull he could pull on the cops to get him by. Some figured on making a break for it, providing no M.P. was about. And all of them were very much surprised to find how easy it was to get by.

Over the half-angry, half-joking protests of curbed civilians, the gendarmes passed many a man in O.D., and did it with a smile.

A doughboy, wearing on his right sleeve the insignia of a cook, stood along the line of march waving his cap frantically and shouting at the top of his voice.

Suddenly he became quiet, replaced his hat and stiffened. Just as a certain carriage passed he raised his right hand, forefingers extended and joined, and those following the direction his eye indicated saw General Pershing answer the individual salute.

ONLY 75 AMERICANS HAVE H.Q. IN METZ

Men of Transportation Corps at Work on Armistice Clause

STOCK ROLLING WESTWARD

Locomotives and Cars Turned Over Must Be in First Class Condition

Into the bilingual atmosphere of the city of Metz there entered, on November 24, a little band of Americans. They were but 24 in number. In fact, only 75 Americans altogether were authorized to be in Metz. The Army of Occupation in Alsace-Lorraine is French. All other Americans, save the 75, whether they be bucks or generals, must be in Metz on the most urgent of official business or else be picked up as AWOL.

Upon the shoulders of this little group of Americans, all from the Transportation Corps, has fallen the task of carrying out Clause 7 of the armistice, providing that the German Government shall turn over to the Allies and the United States 5,000 locomotives and 150,000 cars.

The work consists of two distinct parts. One group of men has been assigned to the purely technical task of inspecting the engines and cars to be turned over. The rest of the party will accompany the inspectors as clerks, or will be stationed at Metz as headquarters.

The general plan to be followed is quite simple. The Germans are moving the necessary rolling stock westward from Germany into the territory between the Rhine and the French border, on the south of a line drawn from Verdun to Coblence, and from the Rhine into Belgium on the north. All the rolling stock to the north is being handled by the British and French; to the south of the Americans and French.

The locomotives and cars are being left, in many cases, on side tracks all over the railway system west of Coblence. The two parties are gradually working their way over the two converging lines from Conflans and Audun-le-Romans to Coblence, stopping to inspect all locomotives, either live or dead, as they come upon them, either on sidings or the main line. All freight cars will be gone over also, and those presenting any serious defects will be rejected. Locomotives and cars must be in first-class condition.

The officers and men who are doing the actual work of inspection have all been selected for their technical ability and training. Upon their shoulders rests the responsibility of determing whether the Allies and the United States will receive the best equipment which the Germans have to offer.

Of equal importance is the statistical end of the commission's work, for a complete record is made in the field by a clerk of each engine or car inspected. These records are in turn sent to Metz, where they are inspected and summarized. From these records all statistics will be drawn for the approaching Peace Conference.

C.-IN-C. SUMMARIZES A.E.F.'S SHARE IN ALLIED VICTORY

Continued from Page 1

port arrangements for combat, and of the operations of the Service of Supply and of hospitalization and the evacuation of the sick and wounded; G-5 supervises the various schools and has general direction and co-ordination of education and training.

The first Chief of Staff was Colonel (now Major General) James G. Harbord, who was succeeded in May, 1918, by Major General James W. McAndrew. To these officers, to the Deputy Chief of Staff, and to the assistant chiefs of staff, who as heads of sections aided them, great credit is due for the results obtained, not only in perfecting the general staff organization, but in applying correct principles to the multiplicity of problems that have arisen.

Organization and Training

After a thorough consideration of Allied organizations, it was decided that our combat divisions should consist of four regiments of infantry of 3,000 men each, with three battalions to a regiment, and four companies of 250 men each to a battalion, and of an Artillery brigade of three regiments, a machine gun battalion, an Engineer regiment, a trench mortar battery, a signal battalion, wagon trains and the headquarters staffs and military police. These, with medical and other units, made a total of over 28,000 men, or practically double the size of a French or German division. Each corps would normally consist of six divisions, four combat and one depot and one replacement division, and also two regiments of cavalry, and each army of from three to five corps. With four divisions fully trained, a corps could take over an American sector with two divisions in line and two in reserve, with the depot and replacement divisions prepared to fill the gaps in the ranks.

Our purpose was to prepare an integral American force which should be able to take the offensive in every respect. Accordingly, the development of a self-reliant Infantry by thorough drill in the use of the rifle and in the tactics of open warfare was always uppermost. The plan of training after arrival in France allowed a division one month for acclimatization and instruction in small units from battalions down, a second month in quiet trench sectors by battalions, and a third month after it came out of the trenches when it should be trained as a complete division in war of movement.

Very early a system of schools was outlined and started, having the advantage of instruction by officers direct from the front. At the great school center at Langres one of the first to be organized was the staff school, where the principles of general staff work as laid down in our own organization were taught to carefully selected officers. Men in the ranks who had shown qualities of leadership were sent to the school of candidates for commissions. A school of the line taught younger officers the principles of leadership, tactics and the use of the different weapons. In the Artillery school at Saumur young officers were taught the fundamental principles of modern artillery, while at Issoudun an immense plant was built for training cadets in aviation. These and other schools, with their well-considered curriculums for training in every branch of our organization, were co-ordinated in a manner best to develop an efficient army out of willing and industrious young men, many of whom had not before known even the rudiments of military technique. Both Marshal Haig and General Pétain placed officers and men at our disposal for instructional purposes, and we are deeply indebted for the opportunities given to profit by their veteran experience.

American Zone

The eventual place the American Army should take on the Western front was to a large extent influenced by the vital questions of communications and supply. The northern ports of France were crowded by the British Army's shipping and supplies, while the southern ports, though otherwise at our service, had not adequate port facilities for our purposes, and these we should have to build. The already over-taxed railway system behind the active front in northern France would not be available for us as lines of supply, and those leading from the southern ports to northeastern France would be unequal to our needs without much new construction. Practically all warehouses, supply depots and regulating stations must be provided by fresh construction. While France offered us such material as she had to spare after a drain of three years of war, yet there were enormous quantities of material to be brought across the Atlantic.

With such a problem any temporization, or lack of definiteness in making plans, might cause failure even with victory within our grasp. Moreover, broad plans commensurate with our national purpose and resources would bring conviction of our power to every soldier in the front line, to the nations associated with us in the war and to the enemy. The tonnage for material for necessary construction and for the supply of an army of three and perhaps four million men would require a mammoth program of shipbuilding at home and miles of dock construction in France, with a correspondingly large project for additional railways and for storage depots.

All these considerations led to the inevitable conclusion that if we were to handle and supply the great forces deemed essential to win the war, we must utilize the southern ports of France, Bordeaux, La Pallice, St. Nazaire and Brest, and the comparatively unused railway systems leading therefrom to the northeast. Generally speaking, then, this would contemplate the use of our forces against the enemy somewhere in that direction, but the great depots of supply must be centrally located, preferably in the area included by Tours, Bourges and Chateauroux, so that our armies could be supplied with equal facility wherever they might be serving on the Western front.

Growth of the Service of Supply

To build up such a system there were talented men in the Regular Army, but more experts were necessary than the Army could furnish. Thanks to the patriotic spirit of our people at home, there came from civil life men trained for every sort of work involved in building and managing an organization that was to handle and transport such an army and keep it supplied. With such assistance the construction and general development of our plans have kept pace with the growth of the forces, and the Service of Supply is now able to discharge from ships and move 45,000 tons daily, besides transporting troops and material necessary in the conduct of active operations.

As to organization, all the administrative and supply service, except the Adjutant General's, Inspector General's, and Judge Advocate General's Departments which remain at General Headquarters, have been transferred to the Headquarters of the Service of Supplies at Tours under a commanding general responsible to the Commander-in-Chief for supply of the Armies. The Chief Quartermaster, Chief Surgeon, Chief Signal Officer, Chief of Ordnance, Chief of Air Service, Chief of Chemical Warfare, and the General Purchasing Agent, in all that pertains to questions of procurement of supply, the Provost Marshal General in the maintenance of order in general, and the Director General of Transportation in all that affects such matters, and the Chief Engineer in all matters of administration and supply, are subordinate to the commanding general of the Service of Supply, who, assisted by a staff especially organized for the purpose, is charged with the administrative co-ordination of all these services.

The Transportation Department under the Service of Supply directs the operation, maintenance and construction of railways, the operation of terminals, the unloading of ships and transportation of material to warehouses or to the front. Its functions make necessary the most intimate relationship between our organization and that of the French, with the practical result that our transportation department has been able to improve materially the operation of railways generally. Constantly laboring under a shortage of rolling stock, the transportation department has nevertheless been able by efficient management to meet every emergency.

The Engineer Corps is charged with all construction, including light railways and roads. It has planned and constructed the many projects required, the most important of which are the new wharves at Bordeaux and Nantes, and the immense storage depots at La Pallice, Montoir and Gievres, besides innumerable hospitals and barracks in various ports of France. These projects have all been carried on by phases keeping pace with our needs. The Forestry Service under the Engineer Corps has cut the greater part of the timber and railway ties required.

To meet the shortage of supplies from America, due to lack of shipping, the representatives of the different supply departments were constantly in search of available material and supplies in Europe. In order to co-ordinate these purchases and to prevent competition between our departments, a general purchasing agency was created early in our experience to co-ordinate our purchases and, if possible, induce our Allies to apply the principle among the Allied armies. While there was no authority for the general use of appropriations, this was met by grouping the purchasing representatives of the different departments under one control, charged with the duty of consolidating requisitions and purchases. Our efforts to extend the principle have been signally successful, and all purchases for the Allied armies are now on an equitable and co-operative basis. Indeed, it may be said that the work of this bureau has been thoroughly efficient and businesslike.

Artillery, Airplanes and Tanks

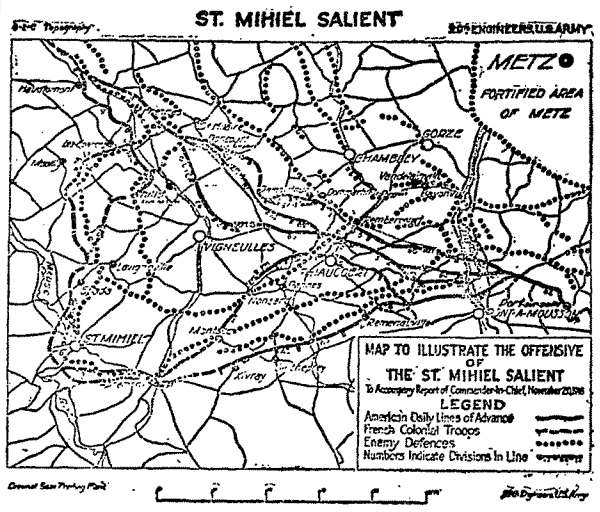
Our entry into the war found us with few of the auxiliaries necessary for its conduct in the modern sense. Among our most important deficiencies in material were artillery, aviation and tanks. In order to meet our requirements as rapidly as possible, we accepted the offer of the French Government to provide us with the necessary artillery equipment of 75's, 155mm. Howitzers and 155 G.P.F. guns from their own factories for 30 divisions. The wisdom of this course is fully demonstrated by the fact that, although we soon began the manufacture of these classes of guns at home, there were no guns of the calibers mentioned manufactured in America on our front at the date the armistice was signed. The only guns of these types produced at home thus far received in France are 100 75mm. guns.

In aviation we were in the same situation, and here again the French Government came to our aid until our own aviation program should be under way. We obtained from the French the necessary planes for training our personnel, and they have provided us with a total of 2,676 pursuit, observation and bombing planes. The first airplane received from home arrived in May, and altogether we have received 1,379 planes. The first American squadron completely equipped by American production, including airplanes, crossed the German lines on August 7, 1918. As to tanks, we were also compelled to rely upon the French. Here, however, we were less fortunate, for the reason that the French production could barely meet the requirements of their own armies.

It should be fully realized that the French Government has always taken a most liberal attitude and has been most anxious to give us every possible assistance in meeting our deficiencies in these as well as other respects. Our dependence upon France for artillery, aviation and tanks was, of course, due to the fact that our industries had not been exclusively devoted to military production. All credit is due our own manufacturers for their efforts to meet our requirements, as at the time the armistice was signed we were able to look forward to the early supply of practically all our necessities from our own factories.

Welfare of the Troops

The welfare of the troops touches my responsibility as Commander-in-Chief to the mothers and fathers and kindred of the men who came to France in the impressionable period of youth. They could not have the privilege accorded European soldiers during their periods of leave of visiting their families and renewing their home ties. Fully realizing that the standard of conduct that should be established for them must have a permanent influence in their lives and on the character of their future citizenship, the Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the Jewish Welfare Board, as auxiliaries in this work, were encouraged in every possible way. The fact that our soldiers, in a land of different customs and language, have borne themselves in a manner in keeping with the cause for which they fought, is due not only to the efforts in their behalf, but much more to their high ideals, their discipline and their innate sense of self-respect. It should be recorded, however, that the members of these welfare societies have been untiring in their desire to be of real service to our officers and men. The patriotic devotion of these representative men and women has given a new significance to the Golden Rule, and we owe to them a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.



Combat Operations

During our periods of training in the trenches some of our divisions had engaged the enemy in local combats, the most important of which was Seicheprey, by the 26th on April 20th, in the Toul sector, but none had participated in action as a unit. The 1st Division which had passed through the preliminary stages of training had *gone to the* trenches for its first period of instruction at the end of October, and by March 21, when the German offensive in Picardy began, we had four divisions with experience in the trenches, all of which were equal to any demands of battle action. The crisis which this offensive developed was such that our occupation of an American sector must be postponed.

On March 28 I placed at the disposal of Marshal Foch, who had been agreed upon as Command-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, all of our forces to be used as he might decide. At his request the 1st Division was transferred from the Toul sector to a position in reserve at Chaumont-en-Vexin. As German superiority in numbers required prompt action, an agreement was reached at the Abbeville conference of the Allied premiers and Commanders and myself on May 2, by which British shipping was to transport ten American divisions to the British army area where they were to be trained and equipped, and additional British shipping was to be provided for as many divisions as possible for use elsewhere.

On April 26 the 1st Division had gone into the line in the Montdidier salient on the Picardy battle front. Tactics had been suddenly revolutionized to those of open warfare, and our men confident of the results of their training were eager for the test. On the morning of May 28 this division attacked the commanding German position in its front taking with splendid dash the town of Cantigny and all other objectives which were organized and held steadfastly against vicious counter-attacks and galling artillery fire. Although local, this brilliant action had an electrical effect as it demonstrated our fighting qualities under extreme battle conditions, and also that the enemy's troops were not altogether invincible.

The Germans' Aisne offensive which began on May 27 had advanced rapidly toward the river Marne and Paris, and the Allies faced a crisis equally as grave as that of the Picardy offensive in March. Again every available man was placed at Marshal Foch's disposal, and the 3rd Division, which had just come from its preliminary training area, was hurried to the Marne. Its motorized machine gun battalion preceded the other units and successfully held the bridgehead at the Marne opposite Château-Thierry. The 2nd Division, in reserve near Montdidier, was sent by motor trucks and other available transport to check the progress of the enemy toward Paris. The division attacked and retook the town and the railroad station at Bourescbes and sturdily held its ground against the enemy's best Guard divisions. In the battle of Belleau Wood which followed, our men proved their superiority and gained a strong tactical position with far greater loss to the enemy than to ourselves. On July 1, before the 2nd was relieved, it captured the village of Vaux with most splendid precision.

Meanwhile, our Second Corps, under Major General George W. Read, had been organized for the command of our divisions with the British which were held back in training areas or assigned to second line defenses. Five of the ten divisions were withdrawn from the British area in June, three to relieve divisions in Lorraine and the Vosges, and two to the Paris area to join the group of American divisions which stood between the city and any further advance of the enemy in that direction.

The great June-July troop movement from the States was well under way, and, although these troops were to be given some preliminary training before being put into action, their very presence warranted the use of all the older divisions in the confidence that we did not lack reserves. Elements of the 42nd Division were in the line east of Rheims against the German offensive of July 15, and held their ground unflinchingly. On the right flank of this offensive four companies of the 28th Division were in position in face of the advancing waves of the German infantry. The 3rd Division was holding the bank of the Marne from the bend east of the mouth of the Surmelin to the west of Mezy, opposite Château-Thierry, where a large force of German infantry sought to force a passage under support of powerful artillery concentrations and under cover of smoke screens. A single regiment of the 3rd wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank, the Germans who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men firing in three directions met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points, and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion capturing six hundred prisoners.

The great force of the German Château-Thierry offensive established the deep Marne salient, but the enemy was taking chances and the vulnerability of this pocket to attack might be turned to his disadvantage. Seizing the opportunity to support my conviction, every division with any sort of training was made available for use in a counter offensive. The place of honor in the thrust toward Soissons on July 18 was given to our 1st and 2nd Divisions in company with chosen French divisions. Without the usual brief warning of a preliminary bombardment, the massed French and American artillery firing by the map laid down its rolling barrage at dawn while the infantry began its charge. The tactical handling of our troops under these trying conditions was excellent throughout the action. The enemy brought up large numbers of reserves and made a stubborn defense both with machine guns and artillery, but through five days' fighting the 1st Division continued to advance until it had gained the heights above Soissons, and captured the village of Berzy-le-Sec. The 2nd Division took Beaurepaire farm and Vierzy in a very rapid advance and reached a position in front of Tigny at the end of its second day. These two divisions captured 7,000 prisoners and over 100 pieces of artillery.

The 26th Division which with a French division was under command of our First Corps acted as a pivot of the movement toward Soissons. On the 18th it took the village of Torcy while the 3rd Division was crossing the Marne in pursuit of the retiring enemy. The 26th attacked again on the 21st and the enemy withdrew past the Château-Thierry-Soissons road. The 3rd Division continuing its progress took the heights of Mont St. Pere and the villages of Charteves and Jaulgonne in the face of both machine gun and artillery fire.

On the 24th, after the Germans had fallen back from Trugny and Epiede, our 42nd Division which had been brought over from the Champagne relieved the 26th, and fighting its way through the Forest de Fere, overwhelmed the nests of machine guns in it path. By the 27th it had reached the Ourcq whence the 3rd and 4th Divisions were already advancing while the French divisions with which we were co-operating were moving forward at other points.

The 3rd Division had made its advance into Roncheres wood on the 29th and was relieved for rest by a brigade of the 32nd. The 42nd and 32nd undertook the task of conquering the heights beyond Cierges, the 42nd capturing Sergy and the 32nd capturing hill 230 both American divisions joining in the rapid pursuit of the enemy to the Vesle and thus the operation of reducing the salient was finished. Meanwhile the 42nd was relieved by the 4th at Chery-Chartreuve, and the 32nd by the 28th while the 77th Division took up a position on the Vesle. The operations of these divisions on the Vesle were under the Third Corps, Major General Robert L. Bullard, commanding.

Battle of Saint Mihiel

With the reduction of the Marne salient we could look forward to the concentration of our divisions in our own zone. In view of the forthcoming operation against the Saint Mihiel salient which had long been planned as our first offensive action on a large scale the First Army was organized August 10 under my personal command. While American units had held different Divisional and Corps sectors all along the Western Front, there had not been up to this time, for obvious reasons, a distinct American sector, but in view of the important part the American forces were now to play, it was necessary to take over a permanent portion of the line. Accordingly on August 30 the line beginning at Port-sur-Seille east of the Moselle and extending to the west through Saint Mihiel, thence north to a point opposite Verdun was placed under my command. The American sector was afterward extended across the Meuse to the western edge of the Argonne forest and included the 2nd Colonial French, which held the point of the salient, and the 17th French Corps which occupied the heights above Verdun.

The preparation for a complicated operation against the formidable defenses in front of us included the assembling of divisions, and of corps and army artillery, transport, air craft, tanks, ambulances, the location of hospitals, and the moulding together of all the elements of a great modern army with its own railheads, supplied directly by our own Service of Supply. The concentration for this operation which was to be a surprise involved the movement mostly at night of approximately 600,000 troops, and required for its success the most careful attention to every detail.

The French were generous in giving us assistance in corps and army artillery with its personnel, and we were confident from the start of our superiority over the enemy in guns of all calibers. Our heavy guns were able to reach Metz and to interfere seriously with German rail movements. The French independent air force was placed under my command which, together with the British bombing squadrons and our own air forces, gave us the largest assembly of aviation that had ever been engaged in one operation on the Western Front.

From Les Eparges around the nose of the salient of Saint Mihiel to the Moselle River the line was roughly 40 miles long and situated on commanding ground greatly strengthened by artificial defenses. Our First Corps (82nd, 90th, 5th and 2nd Divisions) under command of Major General Hunter Liggett, resting its right on Pont-a-Mousson, with its left joining our Third Corps (the 89th, 42nd and 1st Divisions), under Major General Joseph E. Dickman, in line to Xivray, were to swing in toward Vigneulles on the pivot of the Moselle River for the initial assault. From Xivray to Mouilly—the Second Colonial French Corps was in line in the center and our Fifth Corps, under command of Major General George H. Cameron, with the 26th and 4th Divisions and a French division at the western base of the salient were to attack three difficult hills, Les Eparges, Combres, and Amaranthe. Our First Corps had in reserve the 78th Division, our Fourth Corps the 3rd Division, and our First Army the 35th and 91st Divisions, with the 80th and 33rd available. It should be understood that our corps organizations are very elastic, and that we have at no time had permanent assignments of divisions to corps.

After four hours artillery preparation, the seven American divisions in the front line advanced at 5 a.m. on September 12, assisted by a limited number of tanks manned partly by Americans and partly by the French. These divisions, accompanied by groups of wire cutters and other armed with bangalore torpedoes, went through the successive bands of barbed wire that protected the enemy's front line and support trenches in irresistible waves on schedule time breaking down all defense of an enemy demoralized by the great volume of our artillery fire and our sudden appearance out of the fog.

Our First Corps took Thiaucourt, while our Fourth Corps curved back to the southwest through Nonsard. The Second Colonial French Corps made the slight advance required of it on very difficult ground, and the Fifth Corps took its three ridges and repulsed counter attack. A rapid march brought reserve regiments of a division of the Fifth Corps into Vigneulles in the early morning where it linked up with patrols of our Fourth Corps, closing the salient and forming a new line west of Thiaucourt to Vigneulles and beyond Fresnes-en-Woevre. At the cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, we had taken 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, a great quantity of material, released the inhabitants of many villages from enemy domination and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz. The signal success of the new American First Army, in its first offensive was of prime importance. The Allies found they had a formidable army to aid them, and the enemy learned finally that he had one to reckon with.

(The Meuse-Argonne battle and other operations will be described in the concluding instalment.)

VISHING YOU ALL A MERRY— —By WALLGREN

THREE GENERALS NOW SEE THROUGH ARMY SPECTACLES

Not to Mention Many Other Officers and 25,000 Enlisted Men

600 WEARING GLASS EYES

Experts Carry 3,000 Pairs of Lenses to Germany for Use of Forces of Occupation

Last July, when the 20th Company of Marines was in the thick of the fight northwest of Château-Thierry, Cook Charles Martindale forgot about his slum for supper and set out for the battle. He won't tell how many Germans he got in that little excursion, but the Germans, through the medium of a bit of shrapnel, got Charlie's eye.

Followed some weeks in a hospital, where the cavity formed by the absent eye was treated. Then he was sent to a Medical Supply Base, where skilled opticians and oculists are working to help wounded soldiers and soldiers with defective eyesight. Several weeks later Charlie was sporting a glass eye, exactly the mate to his good eye, exact even to the same glistening color when he laughts, so perfect a fit that the glass eye-ball rolls in perfect accord with the other.

Cook Charles Martindale is only one of some 600 soldiers in like plight that the Medicos have fixed up. There are numerous cases of wounds which necessitated the removal of an eye ball. And after the preliminary stages of recovery are passed and the walls and nerves of the eye socket are sufficiently well to permit the fitting of a glass eye, the soldiers are sent to either a Base Hospital or the Medical Supply Base, near Paris.

Finding the Mate

From two to three weeks is necessary in some cases before a perfect fit, a perfect match, can be accomplished. With some 3,000 glass eyes of every conceivable form and hue, a skilled optician, who, prior to entry into the Army, was connected with a prominent optical firm in the States, goes through the necessary steps preparatory to making two eyes where there is only one. He notes the diameter, the shape of the cavity, any peculiar features about the remaining natural eye, and perhaps after a dozen matches he finds one that is exactly like the other.

The result is a soldier, who can wink his right eye even though it is glass.

But the supplying of glass eyes is only one phase of the work of the Medical Supply Department. Some months ago a unit was formed with one of the foremost opticians in America as its commanding officer, and other eye specialists were chosen as lieutenants. The unit recruited only skilled men who were thoroughly acquainted with the intricate procedure necessary in turning out a pair of lenses.

For enlisted personnel the younger men of the profession were chosen. They are now sergeants and sergeants first class in the Medical Department. A staff of sixty skilled operators was gathered to put the bad eye of the American soldier into proper shape.

Lenses for Third Army

Not only is the work being carried on at the Supply Base, but auxiliary units, sent out from Headquarters and carrying large numbers of lenses and frames, are now located in various parts of France. Last week another unit was sent to the Headquarters of the Third Army, loaded with 3,000 pairs of lenses to provide for the needs of the doughboy who strains his eyes figuring the relative value of the mark and the franc. The lenses carried into Germany have been ground and polished to such curvatures as are necessary to remedy most cases of defective vision.

However, if a soldier's eyes are in such a condition that the supplies in the field cannot restore his vision to normal, a prescription is filled out by the eye specialist assigned to that particular army area and is then forwarded to the Supply Base at Paris. The glasses are then turned out direct and forwarded to the man's company commander.

The most up-to-date machinery is being used, exactly the same or in some instances even better than in general use in the States. The glass from which the lenses are finally turned out comes from the States. There was a slight difficulty at first, due to the fact that prior to the war all the optical glass—or practically all of it—came out of Germany. But it has been found by test that the American glass is as good as that from Germany.

When a prescription comes into the Supply Depot a pair of rough circular glasses are sent to an operator who, with the aid of a gasoline torch and a solution of hot pitch, welds each one on to an iron mould. They are then turned over to another operator, who adjusts them to a revolving wheel, and with the constant application of emery (from the States also), the glass is ground until it is approximately at the proper curvature.

After the glass has been edged so that it will fit in the eyelets, a pair of skeleton spectacles are produced, which are the best obtainable for army usage—light, because of the amount of aluminum used; strong, because of a certain amount of silver in the compound. You can twist them, you can bend them, but the Medicos are betting it will be a hard task to break the frames.

Everybody in the Army with eye trouble, anybody who has broken or lost his glasses, is, or should be, wearing Army specs. Three generals, many other officers, and thousands of enlisted men are sporting Army glasses, made by American soldiers out of American products and turned out in an American plant. At the Base, 300 pairs are finished each day, and when there is a big rush for glasses the operators work day and night.

So far, 25,000 pairs of glasses have been turned out from the Base and the auxiliary units. There is no indication of a stop, for as often as a soldier has an eye strain or a headache or breaks his own glasses the Medical Department is ready with another pair.

As for the glass eye, not a single soldier will be permitted to go back to the States until he gets that glass eyeball, a gift from the Government. If he has not already been, he will be fitted in the near future—in fact, as soon as the wound will permit.

TASK IS DOUBLED FOR MEN OF M.T.C.

One-Way Job Has Become Double Track Affair After Armistice

There was one organization in France which, when the Armistice was signed, tightened up its belt a few more notches and announced that from that time forward it would be expected and was ready to do double work. It is now performing that same.

This organization is the Motor Transport Corps, which, by the way, has not been exactly idle for many months.

Before the armistice was signed, the Motor Transport Corps had more or less of a one-way job. It received new motor transportation from the States at the base ports, assembled it, oiled up its wheels and shipped it up front. It also operated service trucks and automobiles in practically every section of France in the S.O.S., in addition to its activities in the First, Second and Third Armies.

Now it is operating, and will continue to operate, in both directions, because it has to keep things moving to the front until the last American soldier clears out of France, and also has to keep things moving rearward in order to see that these same soldiers are safely embarked for the States.

The Motor Transport Corps has received, assembled and placed in operation in France in the neighborhood of 80,000 vehicles of all kinds.

Four-fifths of all the supplies and material that have come over to France, aside from material directly handled by motor transportation, has been taken from ships at base ports, loaded on trains, and then taken from trains to final destinations in all parts of the extreme front on motor trucks.

Not only have the Motor Transport men made possible the unloading of vessels, and the loading and unloading of all trains in France, but they have taken a little independent hauling of freight all by themselves. New motor transportation assembled at bases and sent to the front has been loaded with freight and gone up forward filled to capacity, and it has been an off week to the Motor Transport Corps when they have not carried several hundred tons from the Atlantic seaboard right across France.

Originally in Q.M. Corps

Probably there is no piece of apparatus in France today that has been more heartily cursed when it has failed to appear, and that has been nonchantly accepted as part of the general scheme of things when it did appear, as the motor truck.

The first unit of motor transportation, consisting of four companies, arrived in France in May, 1917. Motor transportation then was a part (and a very small part) of the Quartermaster Corps, and remained part of the Quartermaster Corps as the Motor Transport Service of the Corps until the middle of August, 1918, when a general order was issued from Washington, making it a corps by itself.

Motor Transport organizations have been established at every base port in France as rapidly as the base ports themselves were organized, and are well represented in England and Italy.

Had the war lasted a little longer, the M.T.C. would have been larger in the A.E.F. than both the Regular Army and the National Guard combined before we declared war on Germany.

A.E.F. LETTER WRITERS SPREAD THEMSELVES

Easier Censorship Rules and Let Up in Fighting Keep Pens Busy

The arrival of non-fighting days has not increased appreciably the number of letters written home by the A.E.F., but, according to the Base Censor's Office, it has increased the contents of the letters.

We're writing them longer now. Whereas, in former days, a letter home frequently used to be a hundred words or so scribbled on one piece of stationery, the average soldier-correspondent now goes in for detail to the extent of anywhere from three to ten pages.

Since the "humanizing" of the censor rules, the censor's job has slumped off until now he has only two points to bother with, neither one of which, incidentally, has caused much trouble. These are criticism and reference to individual casualties.

Not Much Criticism

References to casualties are comparatively few, and the fact that letters referring to them must go through the Central Records Office is so well known that most of them go there without incident. As far as criticism goes, there isn't much.

In fact, the Base Censor has gleaned from his recent perusal of mail that the whole A.E.F. is pretty well contented and is taking philosophically the prospect of remaining over here several months. There is no crabbing or kicking worth mentioning, according to the Base Censor.

MISS WILSON SEES LOVING HANDS' WORK

Visits Cemetery Near Bordeaux Where American Soldiers Sleep

The recent visit of Miss Margaret Wilson to Bordeaux brought to light a touching tribute which is being paid by the French mothers of Carbon Blanc, a village near Bordeaux, to the memory of 64 American soldiers who are buried in the cemetery near that town.

The French women have banded together to care for the graves. Each grave is cared for by about three of the women of the village.

While at Bordeaux, Miss Wilson expressed a desire to visit the American graves of the soldiers at Carbon Blanc. On her unannounced arrival, she found about a score of French women and children decorating the graves with flowers. On behalf of the women of America, Miss Wilson thanked these women of France.

Mlle. L. Dugal, mistress of the girls' school at Carbon Blanc, is head of the ladies' committee of the town which has charge of caring for the graves. Miss Wilson expressed her thanks to Mlle. Duval and also to Mme. Maurel, wife of the mayor of Carbon Blanc.

PROFIT IN MESS WASTE

Base Section No. 2, Bordeaux, through mess hall salvage alone saved $42,538.53 during October. Of this amount $7,736 was received for greases and fats and $4,816 for swill. The salvage service in this port also reclaimed and reissued lumber valued at $25,546 in that period.

The American Red Cross has opened a club for nurses and other women members of the American Expeditionary Forces at 2 Cours du Juillet, Bordeaux.

INVENTORY OF ALL A.E.F.'S PROPERTY NOW BEING HELD

Government Tackles Problem of Railroads, Docks and Warehouses

DISPOSAL QUESTION NEXT

War Department Representative to Return to France Next Month With Definite Program

Following the armistice and the general breakdown of the old war in general, the American Government has begun the job of finding out exactly what it has got on this side of the ocean in the way of physical property and deciding what is going to be done with it.

The United States has tackled the problem of disposing of the railroads, the railroad rolling stock, the docks, the warehouses, the telegraph and telephone lines, and the million and one other things brought to Europe or erected during the war. It is preparing to liquidate.

Edward R. Stettinius, special representative in Europe of the War Department, who supervised large purchases for the A.E.F. in Europe and who, for the last several weeks, has been engaged in cancelling, to the satisfaction of both parties, many big contracts made through the French Government between the American Government and French firms, and making other preliminary arrangements for the transition from a war to a peace basis, has left for the United States to discuss plans for future procedure. He will return to France in January after definite policies and details have been decided upon back home.

Scattered from Coast to Germany

The War Department already has begun taking an inventory of all the property of the United States in France. This will embrace the entire range of material used by the A.E.F. which now is scattered from the coast inland to the present zone of occupation.

It is recognized that much of this material was essentially suited for war purposes, and depreciated in value greatly with the armistice, but it is also known that much of it will have a high peace-time value. Also, it is certain that, while a lot of it will have to be returned to the United States, much can be advantageously disposed of on this side of the water.

Such articles as locomotives and railway cars, and railway material in general probably will find a ready market in Europe, in view of the present scarcity, and non-production during the war has created a like demand for much other material.

No estimate yet has been made on the extent and value of the property, but it will run into many millions. Plans are being worked out with care looking toward the establishment of a system of disposal which will realize the best returns and create the least disturbance in private industry.

INSIDE GERMANY—AND ON THE WAY THERE

Just before the Third Army's march toward Germany began, a supply sergeant of the 2nd Division traded a sack of sugar to a farmer near Bar-le-Duc for a pig. He intended to fatten the pig and serve it to his company on Thanksgiving. But many moves were in store for the 2nd Division, and the sergeant's company pulled stakes many times before the day of feasting. Every time the outfit moved, the sergeant loaded the pig on to a truck and sent it along with the kitchen.

Two days before Thanksgiving, on the banks of the Moselle, the supply sergeant confided to his first cook that the pig was fat enough for a king's feast, and directed that the animal be butchered that evening.

Previous to that time, one day in September, during an argument over the quality of a sack of potatoes, the mess sergeant had explained in the presence of all the cooks that he was a farmer and, therefore, should know good potatoes when he saw them.

But the cooks are now of the opinion that the sergeant isn't much of a farmer, for farmers are supposed to know all about domestic animals. At least, they should have some knowledge of pigs. For after the first cook had sharpened his best butcher knife and prepared a kettle of scalding water, he went out to butcher the pig. A few minutes later he returned to the kitchen, blushing.

"There won't be any Thanksgiving dinner in this outfit," he announced. "Our pig has got nine little ones."

The brutality of the German soldier, even to his own kind, was noticed by the Americans the minute they set foot in Coblence, where German guards were still on duty.

Small boys who played around idle trucks and who gathered in flocks to inspect the rubber tires of American cars were the victims. In several cases they were beaten by the guards.

It was a happy day for the small boys of Coblence when the American M.P.'s took charge of the town and the German guards passed over the long bridge of boats to the eastern bank of the Rhine.

Merchants of Germany are as up to date and canny as anyone else when it comes to inventing schemes to sell goods. That the Americans are rabid souvenir hunters was long ago a well-known fact in Germany, but not until the American Army of Occupation marched into the Rhineland did the German merchants have a chance to test this out.

A window on one of the main streets of Coblence glittered with iron crosses the day after the Americans came. The next morning it glittered not, for every iron cross had been sold. Price, three marks each.

A German captain was left behind the retreating German army for the purpose of delivering to the Americans a number of heavy guns that had been pulled up alongside the roadside.

When the advance guard of the American Army came in sight, it was rather amused to see the German captain wave a white flag over his head.

The white flag afterward proved to be a bed sheet, which is now guarded by Private Henderson's watchful eye for fear that it may suddenly disappear and leave him to sleep between two O.D. blankets.

"See anything of the pack I laid down on that fence a little while ago?" inquired a doughboy of a muleskinner as he sauntered along the banks of the Rhine.

"No," said the muleskinner, "but it's mighty queer what these mules will eat sometimes. They're awful critters when they're hungry."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy. "He must have had a good meal on my two blankets and a pair of dirty socks and a razor. Come to think about it, I had a box of C.C. pills in there, too."

A German captain approached a stablekeeper in Grovenmacher and asked if he might put his horses in the stable over night.

"For four years no German has ever used my stable," the stablekeeper told him, "and I don't propose to break that rule now."

"What are you going to do when the Americans come?" the German asked. "If you don't let them use your stable they'll hang you."

"You lie!" said the stablekeeper. "I am an American myself, and I know something of their ways."

Born in Germany, he had left years ago, returning in 1914 just in time to be unable to get out again.

An American soldier came out of a baker's shop in Trier with five apple pies in his arms. He had gone but a short distance when his toe met up with a stone and he pitched headlong into the street, much to the amusement of the German population.

He got up laughing, rubbed the apple pie from his face, and returned to the bake shop.

A few minutes later he came out again, carrying in his arms the entire stock of the shop, which consisted of nine apple pies. "I'll learn 'em to laugh at me," he said to a comrade.

"What would you do if somebody entered your billet while you were out and took your razor and your clean socks and a box of cigars?" a Y.M.C.A. secretary demanded of a Red Cross captain.

The Red Cross man glared at his questioner out of the corners of his eyes and then spit accurately through a knot hole in the floor.

"I don't know whether you are allowed to cuss or not," he said; "but that's what I'd do. And I could sure make a good job of it, too."

The way American soldiers marched into a German town one day and were apparently at home the next gave the Germans a surprise. The Americans entered Coblence on a Sunday, and on Monday morning an M.P. quietly patrolled his beat at every street crossing and doughboys went about the town as though they had always lived there.

One German said he had never known a detachment of soldiers to come into Coblence and settle down to the general routine of affairs so quickly and so quietly as did the Americans.

"Nothing seems to surprise or alarm you Americans,' he said.

Two weeks before the Americans crossed the Moselle and entered German territory the newspapers of Trier published an article signed by the mayor saying that if any German girl was seen with an American soldier she would be an outcast and would not be allowed to marry on German soil.

An American was walking up the streets of Trier the second night after the Americans came. The hour was late. Something—two somethings, in fact—darted across an adjoining street and made their way quietly, except for a constant feminine laugh that echoed through the quiet streets, toward the residential district of the town. At another street crossing an American soldier and a rather pretty girl emerged from the side door of a restaurant and struck off up the main street, paying no heed to several pedestrians who were still abroad.

A German policeman grinned to himself and went about his duties.

Pvt. Underwood of the 1st Division presented himself to a regimental infirmary along the banks of the Rhine. Both jaws were swollen, and when he attempted to grin he squirmed with pain.

"It's a plain case of mumps," said the doctor. "Get ready for a trip to the hospital."

"Hell!" said Underwood. "I ain't had a chance to cross the Rhine yet."

A squad of doughboys slowly moved up the banks of the Moselle. "What the heck do you call that?" one of them asked, pointing toward a lumbering, puffing, groaning contraption that came slowly down the road.

The contraption was a steam roller. It rolled up to the squad of doughboys and stopped. A German soldier climbed down to the ground.

"I sell you das tink fur fifty marks," said the German.

The doughboys eyed one another in astonishment. "Wouldn't it make a nice little souvenir to take home to my kid brother?" said the corporal.

"I'll give you half that much," offered another, whereupon the deal was closed. The doughboys unslung their equipment and loaded it on to the steam roller. The German gave them some brief instructions about running it, and then the steam roller, puffing and groaning more than ever, turned round and moved slowly back over the road.

Two miles out of Trier an American lieutenant halted the steam roller and its passengers. "Where did you get that thing?" he demanded.

"It's ours. We bought it."

Then the entire transaction had to be gone over carefully.

"Well, you climb down from there," the lieutenant ordered, "and don't buy everything that's offered you. A German tried to sell me a battery of 77's not over half an hour ago."

The doughboys walked into Trier.

An American lieutenant hailed a passing doughboy. "Can you speak any French?" he inquired, pointing to a dozen or so women and children who had gathered round him at an American outpost on the frontier. "I can't make out exactly what they want."

After speaking with the refugees, the doughboy replied with a grin:

"Why, Loot, the little girl there and her mother both want to kiss you."

The lieutenant blushed and granted the request.

A poilu, for 24 months a prisoner in Germany, crossed into the American lines just as daylight broke one morning. He carried a haversack full of German war bread, and as he stood in the mess line at an American kitchen he distributed the bread among his American friends, saying, "Bon souvenir."

He reserved the last piece of his German bread to take home to his father.

SPECIAL POST OFFICE FOR Q.M.C. MEMBERS

Errors—Due to Improper Addresses Will Be Rectified by Plan

A special mail department has been created at A.P.O. 910 (Château du Loir) to insure prompt delivery of mail to members of the Quartermaster Corps.

To this post office will be sent all mail addressed to casual officers and men; all mail addressed to an officer or enlisted man by title and name, with the addition Q.M., but which does not specify his organization; all mail for members of the Q.M.C. which has not, for some reason, been delivered at the A.P.O. to which addressed and which has been returned to the post office to be readdressed.

A card index system is kept, and every one in the Q.M.C. is represented.

A large number of letters are at present in the files at this post office which it is impossible to forward because the addresses are incorrect and the correct address is not known.

Members of the Quartermaster Corps who are not receiving mail promptly are asked to write to the postmaster at A.P.O. 910 and tell him their troubles.